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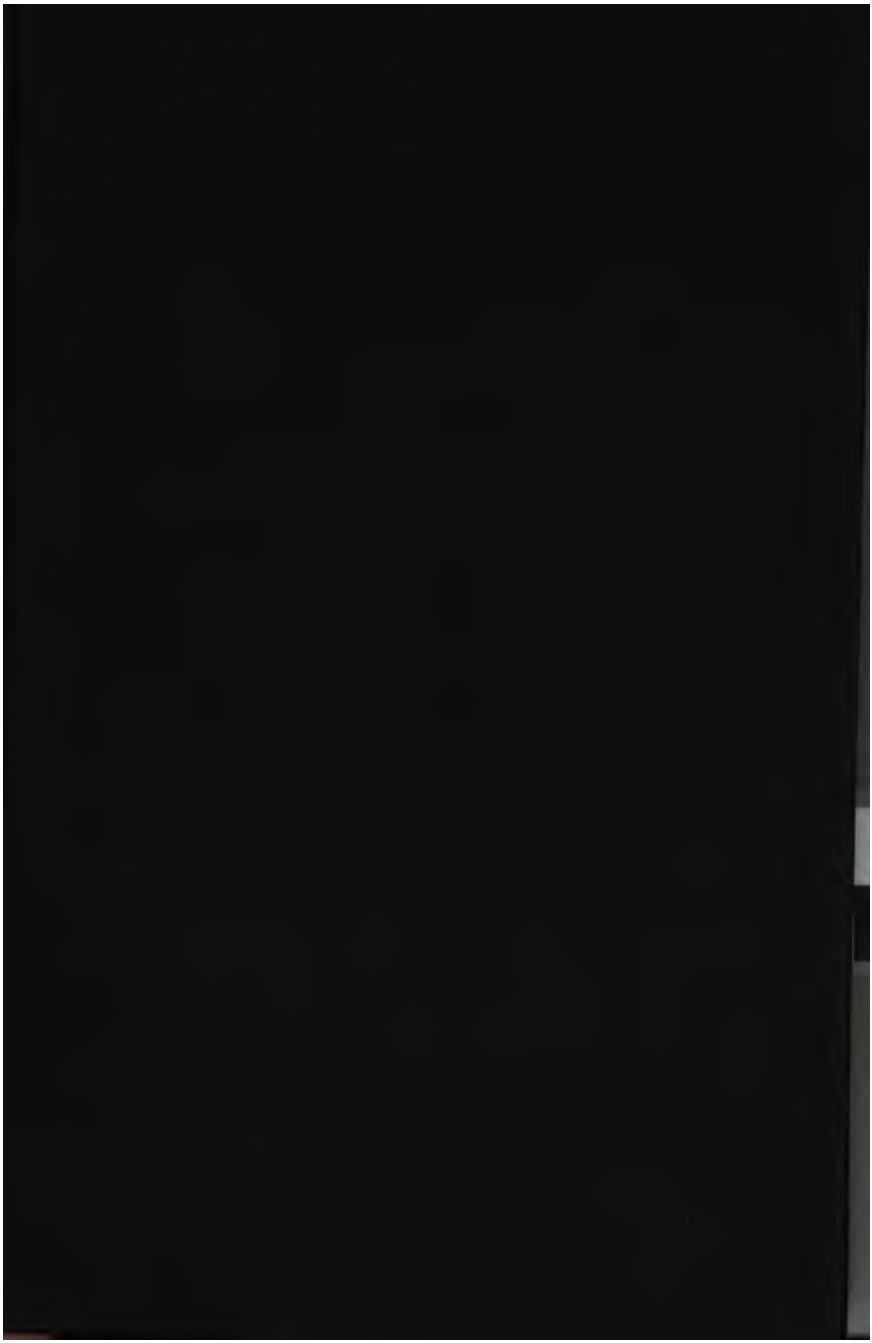

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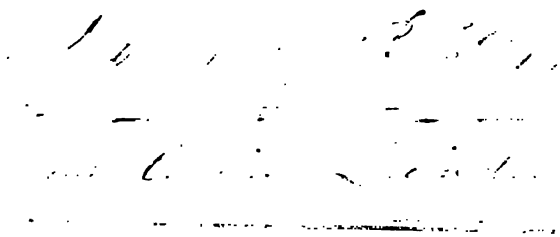

CHOICE CONSOLATION

FOR THE

SUFFERING CHILDREN OF GOD.

COMPILED FROM THE WRITINGS OF LEIGHTON, ROMAINE, CECIL, NEWTON, WINSLOW, ETC., ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY THE

RT. REV. MANTON EASTBURN, D. D.

BOSTON:
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY,
135 WASHINGTON STREET.
1867.

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PREFACE.

THE compiler of the following pages, long trained in the school of affliction, has learned, through a fellowship in suffering, to feel the deepest sympathy for "all those who in this transitory life are afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate." The power to express that sympathy by ministering in person at the couch of sickness, or in the house of the mourner, being denied to her, through physical weakness, she sends forth this book in the earnest hope it may reach and comfort many dear children of God who may be "for a season in heaviness through manifold temptations."

May the Lord send home its words of strong faith and "lofty cheer" with much power and sweetness to many, many sorrowing hearts. C.

BOSTON, Nov. 23, 1863.

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FROM

Edmund A. Whitman

INTRODUCTION.

THE following selection was made by a lady who, having found rich comfort under sorrow in the treasures of Christian thought she has here collected, and reasonably supposing they might prove a source of peace to others, has in this compilation performed a work of true sympathy and love. I have read the volume, and feel sure it will be generally regarded as having been judiciously executed. Its author has been long known and highly valued by me; and I commend her book, with fervent prayer for the divine blessing, to all those who, in this world of alternate darkness and sunshine, "are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity."

MANTON EASTBURN.

BOSTON, Nov. 16, 1863.

CHOICE CONSOLATION.

TRUST IN GOD THE ONLY ADEQUATE SUPPORT IN TRIAL.

ONE adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, — one only: an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
The darts of anguish *fix* not where the seat
Of suffering hath been throughly fortified
By acquiescence in the Will Supreme
For time and for eternity; by faith —
Faith absolute in God; including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of his perfections; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impatiently, ill done, or left undone,
To the dishonor of his holy name.
Come labor, when the worn-out frame requires

Perpetual Sabbath; come disease and want,
And sad exclusion through decay of sense;
But leave me unabated trust in thee,—
And let thy favor, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things,—
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content.

Wordsworth.

CERTAIN it is that the saints whom God has most approved, have been most abundantly exercised in different manners for the trial of their faith; and they who are most earnest in prayer for grace, are often most afflicted, because the graces which they pray for, *e. g.* faith, hope, patience, humility, &c., are only to be wrought in us by means of those trials which call forth the several graces into act and exercise; and in the very exercise of them they are all strengthened and confirmed. *Simeon.*

ONE of the best helps in sorrow and trouble is to visit people in affliction.

Adams.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY THE REV. HENRY VENN.

I HAVE found often much comfort and rest to my soul in that Scripture, "Run with patience the race that is set before us." When men run for the prize, all the ground is measured out for them, which they are to go over. Thus it is with Christians. The Lord's people, from the womb to the grave, have all their several places, for their childhood, their youth, their riper years, to the hour of their death, as well as the cause and manner of it, appointed in infinite wisdom and in everlasting love to their souls. And there is a set time how long their friends shall remain with them; what they shall do in their favor; also, what crosses and disappointments and ill usage they shall meet with, and from what quarter it all shall come. This race, set thus, we are to run with patience; not fretting or murmuring; not desponding or doubting the goodness and love of the Great Ordainer of all our lot; not even presuming to wish there was any alteration in our circumstances, unless God is pleased to bring it to pass. It is a great part of the spiritual worship due to him, and

by which we honor him, thus to commit without carefulness all our affairs into his hands; and when we do so, he has promised his peace shall rule in our hearts.

THE WAY AND REST OF ISRAEL.

1.

WHEN Israel reached their home at last,
And 'neath their vines and fig-trees lay,
How sweetly, all their perils past,
Must they have mused upon God's way!
What at the time seemed hard to bear,
Then could they clearly understand;
And how a Father's love and care
Each portion of their wanderings plann'd.

2.

Thus, if we reach that heavenly place,
No snare to fear, no wars to wage,
Then shall we see how heavenly grace
Led us throughout our pilgrimage;
How needful was each care and cross;
How wisely our own way denied;
How mercy shielded us from loss,
How right the way, how true the Guide.

3.

How sweet to understand his way;
What now we know not, then to know;
And yield the tribute of our praise
For what mysterious seemed below.
Lord, lead us to that place of rest,
And from our own fond will defend;
Thou knowest what for us is best,
Who knowest both the way and end.

—•—

THE HEAVENLY REST.

REST! how sweet the sound! It is melody to my ears! It lies as a reviving cordial at my heart, and from thence sends forth lively spirits, which beat through all the pulses of my soul! Rest, — not as the stone that rests on the earth, nor as this flesh shall rest in the grave, nor such a rest as the carnal world desires. O blessed rest! when we rest not day and night, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!" — when we shall rest from sin, but not from worship, — from suffering and sorrow, but not from joy! O blessed day! when I shall rest in the bosom of my Lord! — when I

shall rest in knowing, loving, rejoicing, and praising, — when my perfect soul and body shall together perfectly enjoy the most perfect God!

LETTER WRITTEN BY ROMAINE TO AN AFFLICTED FRIEND.

THAT you suffer *seems* grievous to the flesh. I sympathize with you; but I also find the Lord is with you, supports you; yea, he comforts you: therein I do rejoice. My prayer is for much patience under his hand, and much profit from his rod. Let me direct your attention to *Hebrews* xii., from the 5th verse to the 14th. The whole matter turns upon the character of the person who afflicts. Is it in wrath or in love? Does he punish as a judge, or correct as a father? Mind how the sentence begins. My son, keep this upon your heart: You have fled to Jesus; you have taken the benefit of his atonement and of his righteousness; you are therefore the adopted child of the most high God. And you must not think he changes his love when he changes his dispensations. He is *always* your Father.

And say, his rod is for the present not joyous but grievous; yet, mind, (verse 11th,) it only *seemeth;* the flesh seems to be hurt, but really it is not: it is only in appearance. Look nearer: you may easily see love sending, love inflicting; and wait a little: you will have reason to thank your Father for the blessed fruits of his love. If you live, you will find them very rich and ripe.

GROWTH IN GRACE NOT TO BE MEASURED BY ACTIVE SERVICE ALONE.

WE must not measure our attainments in piety by palpable usefulness, or the stir of beneficent action, however much this may be our duty. The grand affair of life is the building up of the spiritual temple. We may disparage the power that is operating within. It is the common mistake of retired and suffering Christians. Because they are not called to public manifestations, they think there is no advancement. But knowledge may be rising in a compact and solid structure. Faith may be diffusing its mighty influence on every side. Holy devotion may be sending up clouds of incense acceptable to

God. Intercessory prayer may be stretching its arms of love to take in all the brotherhood of Christ, and all the family of man. Purity, like that of Jesus, may be rising as a picture on the soul's tablet, dim perhaps, but brightening. Submission to God's chastening hand may be gaining strength in the furnace. The world may be waning, and the attractions of heaven waxing more luminous. Joy in the Lord may be as the fragrance of a field which God hath blessed; and gentle humility, the ornament and preservative of all graces, may be growing more constant. Is all this nothing? Is it not the very process to which our Master calls us? It is he that maketh that which is within. Such reflections are needful for many a solitary believer who sighs to think that no opportunity is given for great deeds in God's behalf. "They also serve who only stand and wait." There may be progress, even where there is no joy. Inward, inward must we go for the true elaboration of gracious virtues. Let this be strongly impressed on those whose circle is bounded by the walls of a narrow home. Let the bereaved lonely one, let the invalid who is cut off from all social labor, know and believe that to them

also is granted to glorify God as truly as to the king or to the apostle. Let them cease to measure the work of grace by the external standards of a human activity. *J. Alexander.*

PAYSON once wrote to a friend thus: "A man now fills the throne of heaven. And who is this man? Mark it well: it is a man who is not ashamed to call you 'brother.' You may not now know what he is doing with you, but you shall know hereafter: you shall see the reason of all the trials and temptations, the dark and comfortless hours, the long and tedious conflicts, and you will be convinced that not a sigh, not a single uneasy thought, was allotted to you without a wise and gracious design."

IN the time of suffering, no alternative remains but whether we will aggravate the present evil by murmuring and repining, or change it into a real blessing by receiving it as we ought.

HERE AM I.

1.

MY will would like a life of ease,
And power to do, and time to rest,—
And health and strength my will would please,
But, Lord, I know thy will is best.

2.

If I have strength to do thy will,
That should be power enough for me;
Whether to work or to sit still
The appointment of the day may be.

3.

And if by sickness I may grow
More patient, holy, and resigned,
Strong health I need not wish to know,
And greater ease I cannot find.

4.

And rest — I need not seek it here,
For perfect rest remaineth still:
When in thy presence we appear,
Rest shall be given by thy will.

5.

Lord, I have given my life to thee,
And every day and hour is thine;
What thou appointest let them be:
Thy will is better, Lord, than mine.

DR. ARNOLD'S TRIBUTE TO HIS SISTER.

I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind, — intense love almost to the annihilation of selfishness, — a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribbons of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child, but of herself (save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness) wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise, though never leaving her crib, nor changing her posture; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death from all

fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason which might mar the beauty of Christ's glorious work. May God grant that I may come within one hundred degrees of her place in glory.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

1.

THOU, Lord, my path shall choose,
And my guide be;
What shall I fear to lose,
While I have thee?
This be my portion blest:
On my Redeemer's breast
In peaceful trust to rest:
He cares for me.

2.

Shall I, then, choose my way?
Never, O no!
I, a creature of a day,
What can I know?
What dread perplexity
Then would encompass me!
Now I can look to thee;
Thou orderest so.

3.

This lightens every cross —
Cheers every ill;
Suffer I grief or loss,
It is thy will;
Who can make no mistake
Chooseth the way I take;
He who can ne'er forsake
Holds mine hand still.

4.

Christ died my love to win;
Christ is my tower;
He will be with me in
Each trying hour.
He makes the wounded whole;
He will my heart console;
He will uphold my soul
By his own power.

5.

To thee, the only Wise,
Whatever be,
I will lift up mine eyes,
Joyful in thee.
This be my portion blest, —
On my Redeemer's breast

In peaceful trust to rest;
He cares for me.

BLESSINGS OF SICKNESS.

WHO knows the blessing of health fully that has never suffered from the want of it? And yet sickness has its blessings too; and, like all the appointments of our Heavenly Father, it is intended as the sowing time, to issue in a rich harvest of precious fruit. How little should we discover the difference between the temporal benedictions of God, and that love of God which is the source of those blessings, unless we were at times taken from the one and cast upon the other. It is well for the child to feel by experience, that to enjoy communion with his father is better than merely to receive a gift from him; and that oneness of spirit with our Lord is a much higher blessing and proof of love, than any merely temporary good can be without it. How many of those refreshing visits does our Lord pay to his sick children! How often does he draw near their bed to comfort them with a sense of his lov-

ing presence! How many blessed angels invisibly minister to them, and watch over them in tenderest sympathy! And how many blessed spirits encompass us in those hours which seem to our eyes most desolate and lonely! *Mary Anne Schimmelpennick.*

LETTER WRITTEN BY EDWARD BICKERSTETH TO HIS INVALID DAUGHTER.

THE sick one has the strongest claim, from her very weakness, on the absent father; and so I begin my letters with one to you. And if it be so in earthly parental love, which is only a drop from the ocean, it must be infinitely more so in heavenly parental love, the very ocean from which all other love originally comes. My child is called to glorify God in a more difficult path than her father has to walk in; by quiet, patient, confiding, and loving acquiescence in the Lord's will, amid daily suffering; and I rejoice to see how the Holy Spirit is mightily aiding her to learn the lesson, which will help her joy forever. A father's heart yearns after his afflicted child going through lengthened

trials; but a better, wiser, more loving, heavenly Father directs it all. It will not last one moment more than he sees fit for the best good of my child, and, too, for a far higher object, — His own glory, in buffeting Satan by a weak earthen vessel, and the perpetual expulsion of that malignant foe, from a temple which the Lord will consecrate to himself forever.

THE BENEFITS OF AFFLICTION.

FOR he does all things well; yea, he intends to do better for you, far better than you can ever imagine. He loves you more than you can possibly love yourself; and he will send you nothing but what is for your real and best interest, and he will let you find it so. His love is almighty, and it is unchangeable. What cannot he do, what will he not do, when his heart is set upon blessing his people? It is a common thing with him to bring spiritual good out of temporal evil: he can extract pleasure out of pain; yea, he can enrich by impoverishing, and turn losses into gain. Unto you it is now given, as a matter of his choice favor,

not only to believe on him, but also to be conformed to him, by bearing his cross. This he is aiming at. He is going to advance you to great honor, and to make you comforted on every side. At this very time he is training you up for it. He is now going to confer some of his special mercies, some of the greatest blessings he has to give on earth; which he bestows in so certain and fixed a way, that I know his mind and will concerning you, as plainly here in London as if I were with you at ——— *Wm. Romaine.*

GOD oftentimes mingles bitterness in the cup of those, to whom he has given the purest and holiest affections; leaving them not only to sorrows without, to which we have already alluded, but oftentimes to heavy sorrows within. But the Christian, whose will is entirely subdued, will drink this portion also. All he asks, and what he feels he *must* have, is Holiness; and if with this cup of God and of angels, his heavenly Father sees fit to mingle some ingredient of bitterness, to remind him of his former sinful state, and to teach him more fully the way of sub-

mission, he cheerfully accepts it. He knows, notwithstanding his afflictions, that he is dear to God; and that his name is written on the heart of infinite love. He knows that he is just in that place where God has seen fit and best to place him; and that he endures just what God sees best he should endure; and he would not even now, though thick darkness is around his path, exchange his condition for that of angels. *Upham.*

IF laid aside from the *activities* of the Christian life, we can equally glorify God by *passive endurance.* "Who am I?" said Luther when he witnessed the patience of a great sufferer; "who am I? — a wordy preacher, in comparison with this great doer."

Let us be patient. These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

OUR afflictions pierce the heart of God before they reach ours.

A SABBATH HYMN FOR A SICK-CHAMBER.

1.

THOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts! this day,
Around thy altar meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

2.

They see thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

3.

They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

4.

For thou art in their midst, to teach
When on thy name they call;
And thou hast blessings, Lord, for each, —
Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

5.

I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to thee;
Oh! hast thou not a blessing left?
A blessing, Lord, for me!

6.

The dew lies thick on all the ground;
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around;
Shall I of hunger die?

7.

Behold thy prisoner; — loose my bands,
If 't is thy gracious will;
If not, contented in thy hands,
Behold thy prisoner still!

8.

I may not to thy house repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrendered heart.

9.

To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope the joys unfold;

Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.

10.

Oh, make thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease;
Lift up thy countenance benign
On me, and give me peace.

TRIALS are ill to bear. To be reduced from affluence to poverty — to lie on a bed of languor — to pass sleepless nights of pain — to be exposed to evil tongues — to sit amid the ruins of fortune — to lay loved ones in a lonesome grave — such things are not joyous but grievous. Winter, no doubt, is not the pleasant season that summer brings, with her songs and flowers and long, bright, sunny days. Bitter medicines, no doubt, are not savory meat. Yet he who believes that all things shall work together for good, will be ready to thank God for physic as well as for food; and for the winter frost that kills the weeds, and breaks up the soil, as for the dewy nights and sunny days that ripen the fields of corn. May God give us such a

faith! With nature weak, and grace imperfect, — when there is no lifting of the cloud, and trials are severe and long protracted, — oh! though it may be easy for an onlooker to preach patience, it is not easy for a sufferer to practise it. In such circumstances, how prone we are to take the case out of God's hands, and getting discontented with his discipline, how ready are we to cry, "How long, O Lord, how long? If it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" or, "Take away this, and give me any one else to drink." Yet let me have a firm faith in God's truth and love, let me be confident that he will do what he has said, and perform all that he has promised, and I shall discover mercy's bow bent on fortune's blackest cloud, and under the most trying providences shall enjoy in my heart, and exhibit to others in my temper, the blessed difference between a sufferer that mourns and a spirit that murmurs. "Call upon me in the day of trouble." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." *Guthrie.*

CAST not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward.

SAID the angel of the covenant unto one who had wrestled with him all night, "As a prince hast thou power with God, and hast prevailed." Are there no princes in prayer except on the plain of Penial? None, now, who wrestle not one night only, but through long years of infirmity and suffering it may be, yet of cherished communion with God, whose prayers, presented "*in the golden vial*" by an almighty Advocate, are poured back in priceless benedictions?

LET us try to realize that not one day of weariness will be given to the maturest saint, that is not necessary; not one sigh breathed that has not its errand. The servant of Christ need never be useless, under any circumstances, in any place, alone, on a bed of weakness, shut out from the world, deaf even, while the heart can beat with love to a dying world, or conscious thought rise to the mercy-seat.

BE more anxious for profit from your affliction than for support under it.

SUBMISSION TO THE WILL OF GOD.

OH what wisdom is it to believe and not to dispute, to submit our thoughts to God's court, and not to repine at any act of his justice! It is impossible to be submissive, if we stay our thoughts down among the confused rollings and wheels of second causes; as,—"Oh, the place! Oh, the time! Oh, if this had been, this had not followed! Oh, the linking of this accident with this time and place!"—Look up to the master-motion and the first wheel; see and read the decree of Heaven and the Creator of men. "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" *Rutherford.*

THE LOVE OF CHRIST IN THE SUFFERINGS OF HIS DISCIPLES.

IN whatever aspect we view it, the love of Christ is marvellous. The Word of God affirms that it passeth knowledge, and no Christian has ever fathomed it. When we contemplate it as moving the Saviour to visit the earth, and die upon the cross for his enemies, we are led to exclaim, "Was there ever love like this?"

But, perhaps, the course of discipline to which the Redeemer subjects his disciples, in maturing them for heaven, affords in some respects, the most touching proof of his love. In order to effect their complete purification, they need to be cast into the furnace, to feel the flames of affliction kindling about them. This is a painful, often an excruciating process, especially as it tends to awaken the latent iniquity of the heart, and occasions inward conflicts between nature and grace, the most violent and distressing. In the midst of the fires the disciple cries out, "My sufferings are greater than I can bear!" or, perhaps, "My hope is gone!"

Where, now, is the Saviour during these painful experiences, extended it may be through long years? Is it thus he manifests his love to his chosen ones, or has he forgotten to be gracious? Why does he not quench those flames? Why not heed these mournful cries? *Love* is the answer; yes, love more than human; love so pure and strong, as to silence for the time the suggestions of mere sympathy; love that longs to behold its own bright and beauteous image in the person of a disciple, and that can stand by and bear to see that beloved, ran-

somed one enduring more than tongue can express, while the dross is vanishing in the furnace. Yes, tried and fearful soul, your Saviour is ever near you, he loves you, he is touched with the feeling of your infirmity; he sympathizes with every groan you utter, for you are a member of his own body, and he well remembers the anguish of his own heart when on earth; but his love looks beyond the present moment to future years, to the hour of death, to heaven, and resolves to do for you what shall inconceivably augment your holiness and your bliss eternally. His love kindles the fire, and keeps it burning, but when the dross shall be consumed, and your spirit meek and quiet "like a weaned child," oh, with what double rapture will he draw you from the furnace, fold you in his arms, and smile upon you with a look that will reveal something of heaven. And as you review all the trials you have endured, you will say, "It was all of love." Yes, the time will come when you will regard every stroke as given in mercy, and bless God that there was not one less. Human love is not equal to this. It is blind and feeble. It is sometimes untrue, by reason of its frailty. But Christ's love

never faileth. It infinitely transcends all human infirmity. It can bear to be considered for a time coldness and desertion, for it looks to the believer's ultimate and exceeding greater good, and well knows that the future will reveal its true intent and heavenly purity.

SUFFERING.

TRIAL, when it weighs severely,
Stamps the Saviour's image clearly
On the heart of all his friends;
In the frame his hands have moulded
Is a future life unfolded
Through the suffering which he sends.

Suffering curbs our wayward passions,
Childlike tempers in us fashions,
And our will to his subdues;
Thus his hand so soft and healing
Each disordered power and feeling
By a blessed change renews.

Suffering tunes the heart's emotion
To eternity's devotion,

And awakes a fond desire
For the land where psalms are ringing
And with psalms the martyrs singing
Sweetly to the harper's quire.

Suffering gives our faith assurance,
Makes us patient in endurance.
Suffering! who is worth thy pains?
Here they call thee only torment —
There they call thee a preferment
Which not every one attains.

Though in health, with powers unwasted,
And with willing hearts we hasted
To take up our Saviour's cross;
If through trial our good Master
Should refine these powers the faster,
What good Christian counts it loss?

From the German of Hartmann.

IN the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee, —
Thou art precious in his sight.
God is with thee, —
God, thine everlasting light."

TO AN AFFLICTED LADY.

WHEN ye are come to the other side of the water, and have set down your foot on the shore of glorious eternity, and look back again to the waters, and to your wearisome journey, and shall see in that clear glass of endless glory, nearer to the bottom of God's wisdom, you shall then be forced to say: "If God had done otherwise with me than he hath done, I had never come to the enjoying of this crown of glory." It is your part now to believe, and suffer, and hope, and wait on; for I protest in the presence of that all-discerning eye, who knoweth what I write, and what I think, that I would not want the sweet experience of the consolations of God for all the bitterness of affliction; nay, whether God come to his children with a rod or a crown, if he come himself with it, it is well; welcome, welcome, Jesus, what may so ever then come, if we can get a sight of thee. And sure I am, it is better to be sick, providing Christ come to the bedside and draw the curtains, and say, "Courage, I am thy salvation," than to enjoy health and never to be visited of God. *Rutherford.*

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

1.

I SHINE in the light of God,
His image stamps my brow;
Though the shadows of death my feet ha
trod,
I reign in glory now.
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear,
Hath rolled and left its stain.

2.

I have found the joys of heaven,
I am one of the angel band;
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.
I have learned the song they sing
Whom Jesus hath set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

3.

No sigh, — no grief, — no pain,
Safe in my happy home;
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come.

Oh! friends of my mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
Ye are walking still through the valley of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

4.

Do I forget? Oh, no!
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below
Till they meet and touch again:
Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame,
Flows freely down like a river of light
To the world from which I came.

5.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
And the storms of conflict die?
Then why should your tears run down
And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown
And another soul in heaven.

NEVER be alone with your troubles. Call God into your confidence and counsels. *Jay.*

BISHOP WILSON ON AFFLICTION.

THE benefit of a great affliction must come from the same hand that sent it. Afflictions in themselves harden and drive from God, as in the case of the ungodly; but in the case of the righteous, they draw us to God, and unite us to him.

2d. This effect will be gradual, secret; between God and the soul, and not loquacious and prominent.

3d. It must be sought for in earnest prayer, and by the grace of the Holy Spirit.

4th. The Psalms are the afflicted soul's cordial, guide, and model.

5th. A new covenant should be made with God, and written out in secret, and kept unseen by all but God.

6th. There is no need to look out for any special and tangible reason for the divine chastisement. It is God's discipline with all his children, and most with those whom he most loves.

7th. The sensible impression of the affliction will fade by lapse of time, but the sanctified effect will remain to the end of life.

8th. Cecil's or "Adam's Thoughts" are excellent books for affliction.

9th. Meditate on eternity, — that will swallow up time.

10th. Fix a time for public thanksgiving and receiving the Supper of the Lord.

WE need not ask for suffering; when its test
Comes, we may prove too faithless to endure.
——— But we may ask from Him
That not one throb of grief, one dart of pain,
One burning throb of anguish, pierce in vain
This feeble being in its faith so dim, —
This fainting frame or this o'erburdened heart.
We may implore Him he would grace impart,
And strength to suffer still as the beloved
Of his own bosom. For of all below,
The one affliction in this world of woe
Most sad, is *an affliction unimproved.*

GRACE teaches us, in the midst of life's greatest comforts, to be willing to die, and, in the midst of its greatest crosses, to be willing to live. *Henry's Commentary on Job.*

GLORIFYING GOD IN AFFLICTION.

SUBMISSION to the will of God is one duty. By submission I mean the repression of all repining language, the resistance of all rebellious feeling, and the determined opposition of all hard thoughts of God, as if he had dealt unkindly or severely with us; together with an acquiescence in all he does as right and good.

Somewhat of Christian cheerfulness should be manifested by all persons in adversity. If they would glorify God; if they would cause the light of their principles to shine forth; if they would adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour; if they would appear different from other men; they must break the silence of submission with the words of contentment, and, if possible, with the notes of praise. They must sing like the nightingale, and shine like the glow-worm in the dark. Thus will they glorify God, when the smile of cheerfulness on their countenance looks like the bow upon the cloud, and they render the dark season of their sorrow a means of displaying the resplendent beauties of the Son of Righteousness. O how is God honored by the Christian in ad-

versity, when all his conduct as well as his words seem to say, — "I have lost much, but I still possess infinitely more than I have lost or can lose. With Christ as my Saviour, God as my Father, salvation as my portion, and heaven as my home, how can I be thought poor and wretched?"

Rev. J. A. James.

"And ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

COMETH sunshine after rain,
After mourning joy again,
After heavy bitter grief
Dawneth surely sweet relief;
And my soul who from her height
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still;
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun.
As God willeth march the hours,
Bringing joy at last in showers,
And whate'er we asked is ours.

When my heart was vex'd with care,
Fill'd with fears well nigh despair;
When with watching many a night,
On me fell pale sickness' blight;
When my courage failed me fast,
Camest thou, my God, at last,
And my woes were quickly past.

Every sorrow, every smart,
That the Eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
As my life flows on I'll take
Calmly, gladly for his sake,
No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave.
Whom the Strongest doth defend,
Whom the Highest counts his friend,
Cannot perish in the end.

Lyra Germanica.

THEY are blessed who suffer and sin no for suffering is the badge that Chris hath put upon his followers. *Rutherford.*

PROOFS OF SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

THE proof of a sanctified affliction *begins to show itself while the trouble lasts.* A striking proof of sanctified affliction is a deep anxiety, a studious effort, and much earnest prayer that it might be blessed for the good of the soul. Those who are really benefitting by affliction recognize the hand of God in it. Yes, they do not wander about amidst the briers torn and lacerated seeking after second causes, but go and lie down at once on "the soft green" of the doctrine of providence. Then as they recognize the hand that smites, they are equally forward to *acknowledge the design.* "'This is for my good, I know, because I am told that '*all* things work together for my good.' I do not see *how*, but that is not *my* business; all I know is, it will be so, for God has said it. He intends to make me holier by this affliction: He is bent upon my improvement."—*A readiness to dwell upon our mercies*, especially our spiritual blessings, is a fine evidence of a holy state of mind. It is delightful to hear the sorrowful believer talking of his mercies, and thus setting one thing over against another.—I now go on

to set before you those proofs of a sanctified affliction which are furnished by the conduct *after the trial is removed.* If when the hand of God is withdrawn, and prosperity again returns, the views, feelings and purposes remain which the soul entertained in the season of darkness; if, for instance, there be the same solicitude for spiritual improvement, if there be a still prayerful and anxious desire not to lose the benefit of trouble but to be made more holy and heavenly; there is every reason to believe that the visitation of God has left a blessing behind. 2d. Increasing deadness to the world, and growing spirituality of mind are another proof of the same result. 3d. A more entire consecration of the soul to God's service in general and to some special service in particular is also a proof of sanctified affliction. When the Christian is seen giving himself afresh to the service of God in a more devoted attendance upon all the means of grace, private, domestic and public; when he seems anxious, inventive and laborious to show his gratitude and love by new acts of devotedness, it is a convincing evidence that he has derived benefit from tribulation. 4th. Increased sympathy for others in their afflic-

tion is a proof that our own has done us good. It is a delightful exhibition of a mind softened and sanctified by affliction, to see a person, on recovering from it, still holding in remembrance the wormwood and the gall, and instead of giving himself to selfish enjoyment going forth with quickened sensibilities to succor the distressed.

Rev. J. A. James.

COVET earnestly the *best* gifts. The passive graces, — patience, meekness, self-abnegation; *these* are the miracles of the New Covenant. While many of the active virtues are merely the natural energies transfigured and changed into a higher likeness, — the earthly made to bear the image of the heavenly, — *these* are most truly

"Unfed by Nature's soil."

Their root itself is in Christ, and in him is their fruit found.

A Present Heaven.

GRACE tried is better than grace, and it is more than grace: it is glory in its infancy.

Rutherford.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

1.

NO sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air, —
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

2.

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eye, no broken hearts are there.

3.

Care has no home
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song —
Its tossing billows break and melt in foam
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

4.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep;
No bed of death enduring Love attends
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

5.

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul.
Look up, thou stricken one; thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

6.

With Faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent to trace the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal Day?

A DARK PRESENT AND A GLORIOUS FUTURE.

THERE is hardly so splendid a promise, so radiant a revelation of grace and future glory, even in that book of "exceeding great and precious promises," the Bible, as that contained in Isaiah liv. 11, 12: "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones."

No such promise is made to the prosperous in all the Word of God. None, in fact, to any other, than the soul (or the church) in the deepest humiliation and affliction.

How powerful the contrast! "Afflicted, tempest-tossed, not comforted!" Thus, word for word, the object is addressed. And no words could heighten the picture of utter desolation drawn in these few words. "Behold! I will lay thy stones in cement of vermilion, and thy foundations with sapphires, and I will make thy battlements of rubies, and thy gates of sparkling gems, and the whole circuit of thy walls shall be of precious stones."

"Beauty, magnificence, purity, strength, and solidity," says Bishop Lowth, "are the import of these expressions. They are addressed to the Church, it is true, or to the people of God collectively. But whatever is addressed to the Church, is addressed to every soul included within her living communion. Every promise in the Bible is made to every believer."

It is enough to make one in love with affliction that God has made such promises to it, and to it only.

Law, somewhere in his "Serious Call,"

says: "Rejoice and adore God with uplifted hands, when thou fallest into any sort of shame or trouble, seeing the fruit it is to work in the soul and the sequel that is to come after it, according to the sure Word of God."

That seems an extravagant sentiment; yet it is not. Has not our Lord said as much and more? — "Rejoice in that day and leap for joy." And Paul, too, "We glory in tribulation." "I take pleasure in persecutions, necessities, distresses." And James, "My brethren, count it *all joy*, when ye fall into divers temptations" — manifold trials. For, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, (trial,) for when he is tried, he shall receive a crown of life."

A crown of life! Can our earthly existence have a more glorious result than that? and all for "enduring!" There is, then, no higher form of holy heroism than patience, no surer path to the abode and company of those who are arrayed in white robes and bear palms in their hands than that which lies through "much tribulation."

This is a comforting thought to those who are "afflicted from their youth up," whose lot in this life it seems to be especially to

suffer, and who can combat for the heav
glory only by "a great fight of afflictio
It is a contrast which the church of
and the particular believer should ever
in view. The "Dark Present" mus
looked at not only in contrast with
"Glorious Future," but as instrumental
preparatory to it, if we would "hold fas
confidence and the rejoicing of the h
firm unto the end."

"CAST ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM, FO
CARETH FOR YOU."

1.

ON thee, O my God, I rest,
Letting life float calmly on,
For I know the last is best,
When the crown of joy is won.
In thy might all things I bear,
In thy love find bitters sweet,
And with all my grief and care
Sit in patience at thy feet.

2.

Let thy mercy's wing be spread
O'er me, keep me close to thee,

In the peace thy love doth shed,
Let me dwell eternally.
Be my All; in all I do
Let me only seek thy will,
When the heart to thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm, and still.

A. H. Francke, Lyra Ger.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE IN SORROW AND AFFLICTION.

LET it be understood, then, that while sin is the *first* cause of all suffering and affliction, (or nearly all, — all that has any sting to it,) yet to many who have not sinned most grievously, — nay, to many of the very best and purest of humanity, the dispensations of sorrow come most heavily, and in various ways and kinds. — Beautifully and sweetly has it been said, "When the freed spirit shall ascend from its shackles of clay, in the clearer light of a better world, it will be seen how necessary was this compulsory training, to bring forth and ripen to perfection, the willing fruits of obedience and love. Those who are called, in the economy of God's providence, to some important

sphere of uses in this life, but more especially with reference to the life to come, are proven, even to the seventh time if need be, in the purifying "furnace of affliction."

How great a truth, and how comforting, have we here! We know not, any of us, for what offices in the spiritual world we are now being trained, nor how much our present trials and afflictions are necessarily connected with the nature of that office. I often think, when I read the accounts of terrible and mysterious sufferings, how most befitting such persons may become to minister to those who may suffer in like manner, and how sweet and high will be the satisfaction of doing it. Oh, it is beautiful to think, amid the terrible and confused scenes of this world, how surely the whole experience connects with eternal things, and how our most severe and bitter trials may be preparing us for our sweetest offices of love and tenderness, from which we shall derive the most heartfelt pleasure! What can a mediocre person do or realize, who has passed through this life indifferent or insensate, not keenly alive to its joys and sorrows, and not greatly susceptible to either, compared to a soul who has most sensitively mingled in its

great experience, and been mellowed and affected by its many changes. Here, again, is the *compensating* law, which will eventually reconcile all conditions, and equalize all fortunes, that to the very

> "Height of this great argument,
> We may assert eternal providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men."

MRS. H. B. STOWE, ON AFFLICTION.

THE good of affliction is not often perceivable as the result of one trial, but rather as the aggregate of several. The mechanic who would bring out the clouds and veins of a precious wood, seems to harass and torture it in various ways; and if the wood were a sentient creature, it might well complain, as the saw, and plane, and the rude pumice-stone pass successively over it, and each varnish is scraped and rubbed;—nor till the last touch has been given does one see the final result. So of afflictions. Some are like strokes of the axe and hammer, splitting and rending the heart of the soul; others are wearing and long-continued, like the slow work of the file and polishing-brush; and very seldom, under the process,

does the soul recognize their use; but after long years, a softened melody of soul is produced as the result of all.

Could a diamond speak when the lapidary is leisurely filing away its glittering particles, and vexing it with many frictions and polishings, it might say — "I could bear a good hammer-stroke, but ah, *this* is wearing my very soul away." Nevertheless, the artisan knows that it is not the hammer, but the weary polish that the diamond must have, to make it glitter royally at last in a diadem. Such are some of the most common, least valued of our afflictions, — a slow, wearing, heart-eating process, — an affliction, oftentimes known and recognized as such only by God who orders it, and knows the precise moment when it is possible to let it cease.

Then let the soul deeply engrave in its belief this answer to its oft-recurring question, — Why am I thus tried? *Because this affliction and no other could save thee.* The Great Father is an economist in all his lavish profusion of riches, but of nothing is he more saving than of the sorrows of his beloved; not one tear too much, not one sigh, not one uneasiness too many is the lot of the meanest of his chosen.

ON BEREAVEMENT.

HOW beautifully to the spirit-eye do the most common scenes of life become transformed through the power of death. The places where those whom we love were wont to dwell are henceforth invested with a more sacred influence, and, to the earnest and thoughtful spirit, there comes the voice bidding the soul bow down in reverence, for the spot on which it stands is holy ground. So does every new departure of those whom we love — the faithful disciples of the Master — make the home that is preparing for us more beautiful; for the Saviour has taught us that death is but an incident, and not even a transforming incident to the spirit. "They wait to receive us with the same countenance of affection they wore upon earth, but more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual. The far country, towards which we journey, seems nearer to us, and the way less dark; for some have gone before, passing so quietly to their rest that day itself dies *not* more calmly."

"Though Death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and by-gone hours,

Still they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours; —
Ours by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high,
By trust triumphant over death,
In immortality."

THE main of a Christian's duty lies in these two things, — patience in suffering and avoidance of sin, — and they have a natural influence upon each other. Although affliction simply doth not, yet affliction sweetly and humbly carried doth, purify and disengage the heart from sin, wean it from the world and the common ways of it. And again, holy and exact walking keeps the soul in a sound healthful temper, and so enables it, by patient suffering, to bear things more easily. *Leighton.*

LOVE thou the path of sorrow that Christ trod;
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest:
O city of our God! we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls, — home of the loved and blessed.

LAST WORDS OF SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

"Glory — glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land."

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I 've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory — glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

The King there in his beauty,
Without a veil is seen:
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb with his fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory — glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

The little birds of Anworth,
I used to count them blest,
Now beside happier altars
I go to build my nest:
O'er these there broods no silence,

No graves around them stand,
For glory, deathless, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Fair Anworth, by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear,
E'en from the verge of heaven
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh! if one soul from Anworth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens,
In Immanuel's land.

I 've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp:
Now, these lie all behind me —
Oh! for a well-tuned harp!
Oh! to join Hallelujah
With yon triumphant band,

Who sing, where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Fill'd with his likeness rise,
To love and to adore him,
To see him with these eyes:
'Tween me and resurrection
But Paradise doth stand;
Then, then for glory dwelling,
In Immanuel's land.

THERE are in this world blessed souls, whose sorrows all spring up into joys for others; whose earthly hopes, laid in the grave with many tears, are the seeds from which spring healing flowers and balm for the desolate and distressed.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

IT is a mighty blessing indeed, if God makes use of any affliction whatever to bring us nearer to himself, and to make us know more of ourselves, and to become acquainted with his dispensations towards us.

Cecil.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

TO be with the Father, — no cloud of doubt, no unforgiven sin, to hide the brightness of his unveiled presence, but with a child-like spirit to trust forever his mercy, truth, and love; to be with Christ, the Saviour of the soul, the sympathizer and helper in every trial and sorrow of the earthly life, to rest in his reconciling love, and to have him still as the Shepherd and Guide among the green pastures and beside the still waters of the Paradise of God; to meet with apostles and prophets, and with the true and holy of every age; to rejoin the loved of our own home-circles who have preceded us thither, and who wait to receive us with a deeper and purer affection than when we dwelt with them on earth; to have all fear and sin cast out by perfect love; to join the great company of the redeemed in ascribing "Blessing and honor and glory and power unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb," — is not this *home*, the believer's only true home?

THUS observe it: as it is in the Church, compared to other societies, so it is in a congregation or family; if there be one more diligently seeking after God than the rest, he shall be liable to meet with more trials, and be oftener under afflictions, than any of the company; either under contempt or scorn, or poverty and sickness, or some one pressure or other, outward or inward. And yet all these, both outward and inward, have love, unspeakable love, in them all; being designed to purge and polish them, and, by the increasing of grace, to fit them for glory.

Leighton.

EVERY Christian should say, like David, whatever be the state of things within or without, I will remember my Rock; and though my soul is disquieted within me, I will fight against discouragement, hoping in God.

Cecil.

YOUNG and old all brought their troubles,
Small and great for me to bear;
I have often blessed my sorrow,
That drew others' griefs so near.

Adelaide Proctor.

WHEREFORE let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing as unto a faithful Creator." The true principle of Christian patience and tranquillity of mind in the sufferings of this life lies in this, committing the soul unto God! — "In patience possess your souls," says our Saviour. Impatient, fretting souls are out of themselves; their owners do not possess them. Now, the way to possess them ourselves in patience, is thus to commit them to him in confidence, for then only we possess them when he keeps them. There be in the words other two grounds of quietness of spirit in sufferings. 1st. It is according to the will of God. The believing soul, subjected and levelled to that will, complying with his good pleasure in all, cannot have a more powerful persuasive than this, that all is ordered by his will. This settled in the heart would settle it much, and make it even in all things; not only to know, but wisely and deeply to consider, that it is thus that all is measured in heaven, — every drachm of thy troubles weighed by that skilful hand which doth all things by weight, number, and measure.

And then consider him as thy God and

Father, who hath taken special charge of thee and of thy soul: thou hast given it to him, and he has received it. And upon this consideration, study to follow his will in all, — to have no will but his. This is thy duty and thy wisdom. Nothing is gained by spurning and struggling but to hurt and vex thyself; but by complying, all is gained — sweet peace. It is the very secret, the mystery of solid peace within, to resign all to his will, to be disposed of at his pleasure, without the least contrary thought. And thus, like two-faced pictures, those sufferings and troubles, and whatsoever else, while beheld on the one side as painful to the flesh, hath an unpleasant usage; yet, go about a little, and look upon it as thy Father's will, and then it is smiling, beautiful, and lovely.

The other ground of quietness is contained in the first word which looks back on the foregoing discourse, "Wherefore." What? Seeing that your reproaches and sufferings are not endless, yea, that they are short, they shall end, quickly end, and end in glory, be not troubled about them, overlook them. The eye of faith will do it. A moment gone, and what are they? This is the great cause of our disquietness in present

troubles and griefs: we forget their end. We are afflicted by our condition in this present life, as if it were all, and it is nothing. Oh, how quickly shall all the enjoyments and all the sufferings of this life pass away, and be as if they had not been.

Leighton.

COULD the veil which now separates us from futurity be drawn aside, and those regions of everlasting happiness and sorrow, which strike so faintly on the imagination, be presented fully to our eyes, it would occasion, I doubt not, a sudden and strange revolution in our estimate of things. Many are the distresses for which we now weep in suffering or sympathy, that would awaken us to songs of thanksgiving; many the dispensations which now seem dreary and inexplicable, that would fill our adoring hearts with thanksgiving and joy. *John Bowdler.*

EXTRAORDINARY afflictions are not always the punishment of extraordinary sins, but sometimes the trial of extraordinary graces. *Henry's Commentary on Job.*

ACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY MR. TON TO MRS. HEMANS, ON THE DEATH HER MOTHER.

HEN one so dear is taken away, — an bject of constant reference, respect, and ion, — a principal part of all our enjoy- s, a support in all affliction, one in whom id lived, one through whom the Spirit of had powerfully operated to produce all is good within us; the whole aspect of s is changed, and the world becomes a ent place from what it was before. It ever remain so. But in time, perhaps, y become even a better and a brighter

The thick veil which separates it the World of Life and Light has been en through for us by the friend who has before; and beams of glory may find way where it has been rent. Between id that world, a new and most affecting ection has been formed; for one whom nost loved is there. A deep feeling of eality and certainty of all which in truth il and certain thus becomes permanent ir minds, blending itself with all our affections. Blessed beyond all our con- ons of happiness are the dead who die

in the Lord. They have rested from the labors which we still must bear. They have gone before us to prepare our place and our welcome, and are waiting to receive us again, with more than human love. Amid the trials of life, he who feels his own weakness must sometimes almost wish that he, too, were as secure.

SICKNESS LIKE NIGHT.

THOU art like night, O sickness! deeply stilling
Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,
And the dim quiet of my chamber filling
With low, sweet voices, by life's tumult drowned.

Thou art like awful night! — Thou gatherest round
The things that are unseen, though close they lie,
And with a truth clear, startling, and profound,
Giv'st their dread presence to our mortal eye.

Thou art like starry, spiritual night!
High and immortal thoughts attend thy way,
And revelations, which the common light
Brings not, though wakening, with its rosy ray
All outward life. Be welcome, then, thy rod,
Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself to God.

Mrs. Hemans.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF MR. CECIL'S TO MRS. HAWKES.

WE may compare an afflicted believer to a man that has an orchard laden with fruit, who, because the wind has blown off the leaves, sits down and weeps. If one asks, What do you weep for? Why, my apple-leaves are gone! But have you not your apples left? Yes. Very well, then do not grieve for a few *leaves*, which could only hinder the ripening of your fruit.

Pardons and promises that cannot fail, lie at the root of my dear daughter's profession; and the fruits of faith, hope, and love, that no one can question, have long covered her branches. The east wind sometimes carries

off a few leaves, though the rough wind is stayed; and what if every leaf were gone? what if not a single earthly comfort remained? Christ has prayed and promised that her "fruit shall remain," and it shall be my joy to behold it through all eternity.

The morning cometh, a morning without melancholy. To-morrow morning, you and I shall walk in a garden where I hope to talk to you about everything but sadness; and if I even forgot, and began upon the subject, you would immediately reply, "Sorrow and sighing are fled forever."

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. HAWKES.

I WILL, as far as I am enabled, consider that dispensation, trial, or affliction, *sweet*, that brings Christ more sensibly to my heart. I have had many deep troubles; many painful disappointments; many unseen but severe sorrows;—yet not one of them, increased tenfold, is so much to be dreaded as the suspension of the comforting, life-giving presence of my Saviour. What it is to "come up out of the wilderness, leaning on the Beloved," no one will ever know but by

happy experience. And they can best estimate the comfort, who have been left to travel ever so short a part of the journey alone.

THE afflictions, conflicts, and temptations through which the children of God are called to pass, produce not only patience, but also gain *experience* and acquaintance with the inward evils of the heart; which design is intimated, Deut. viii. 2. When reflecting upon the pain with which this experience has sometimes been wrought out in others, we may perhaps think that, in similar circumstances, we should have felt less, mourned less, repined less; but it should be remembered that the measure of suffering attendant on any dispensation is a part of the *appointment;* and that God registers the believer's conflict and sufferings as *real.* — Psalm lvi. 8. *Cecil.*

WITH patience, then, the course of duty run;
God never does, nor suffers to be done,
But that which you would do, if you could see
The end of all events as well as he.

Donne.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

1.

GENTLY, my Saviour, let me down
To slumber in the arms of death :
I rest my soul on thee alone
E'en till my last expiring breath.

2.

Death's dreadful sting has lost its power
A ransomed sinner saved by grace,
Lives but to die, and die no more, —
Unveiled to see thy blissful face.

3.

Soon will the storm of life be o'er,
And I shall enter endless rest:
There shall I live to sin no more
And bless thy name forever blest.

4.

Dear Saviour, let thy will be done ;
Like yielding clay I humbly lie,
May every murmuring thought be gone,
Most peacefully resigned to die.

5.

Bid me possess sweet peace within,
Let child-like patience keep my heart;
Then shall I feel my heaven begin
Before my spirit hence depart.

6.

Yes, and a brighter heaven still
Awaits my soul through his rich grace,
Who shall his word of truth reveal,
Till called to sing his endless praise.

7.

Hasten thy chariot, God of love,
And take me from this world of woe;
I long to reach those joys above,
And bid farewell to all below.

8.

There shall my raptured spirit raise
Still louder notes than angels sing;
High glories to Immanuel's grace,
My God, my Saviour, and my King.

Rowland Hill.

BY long afflictions, God many times prepares his people for temporal, spiritual, and eternal mercies. *Brooks' Mute Christian.*

SOMETIMES the Lord honors his people by appointing them a great trial. As he has given them to believe in his name, so also he gives them to "suffer for his sake." So far as he enables us to support affliction with cheerful submission, patience, and hope, so far the post of trial is a post of honor. Thereby the reality and power of religion, the power and faithfulness of our Lord in supporting and relieving, is exhibited to his glory, for the encouragement of believers and the conviction of gainsayers; and we ourselves are taught more and more of the vanity of creature-dependence and the all-sufficiency of our great and unchangeable Friend, who has promised, that, "if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him."

John Newton.

AS long as the confident hope and expectation of the soul is from Christ, (however little comfort or enjoyment there may be in looking to him,) the soul is exercising true and living faith; and perhaps faith is never so strong as when it clings to him in the dark,—I mean without sensible enjoyment.

Adelaide L. Newton.

RELIGION IN SICKNESS.

IN few events of life does religion exhibit itself in a more impressive manner than in sickness. Now, as in the days of miracles, the sick are often made the agents of displaying the truth and power of the Christian faith.

The sick-bed as a means of grace is salutary, and it is frequently the case that the Christian is there blessed with unusual religious enjoyments. He there tastes the sweetness of the Saviour's promise, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." He is there brought to a state of submission to the will of the Chastener, and his feelings are moulded by him. His circumstances and condition naturally centre his thoughts on heavenly things, and frequently prompt him to heavenly communion, and his mind becomes heavenly. Seasons of spiritual refreshing, such as he has not enjoyed before, and such as he has not previously been prepared to receive, come to him. Notwithstanding his physical suffering, it is sweet to linger by his side.

"As a man, who, during the day, de-

scends into a deep pit, sees the friendly stars of heaven, invisible to others," wrote Rev. Henry Mowes during a lingering indisposition, following a period of terrible physical distress, "so, when God allowed me to fall into the depths of suffering and woe, I saw, through the dense darkness around me, the bright star of the Father's eternal mercy in Christ our Saviour shining over me. And this star was my polar star, never setting but ever growing brighter. — Oh, it is a high and holy joy to be with our Saviour even in Gethsemane; to bear with him a crown of thorns, and, in such an hour, strengthened by him, to say, 'The disciple is not above his Master.' — To follow him in bright days, and to sun ourselves in his love and glory, is sweet indeed; but in days of sorrow to see him near, to prove his faithfulness, is a precious addition to the happiness of communion with him; there the bond is drawn yet nearer, there the heart presses yet closer to him, there the soul lays herself down at his feet with fuller love and trust. — For every trial the Christian has a heritage of comfort, and in every event of life he has a mission to perform. In weakness it is his to show the power of God."

PEACE IN TROUBLE.

1.

AMONG the wonders of God's power
Is that it can bring us peace,
While the blow we dreaded falls,
While the joys we cherished cease.

2.

'T is not that the stroke is light,
Or that we should count it small;
But the grace that with it comes
Sanctifies and sweetens all.

3.

Yet this blessing is reserved
Only for the smitten heart;
He alone the balm may taste
Who hath felt the bitter smart.

4.

Thou mayest less of sorrow know,
It may be high heaped o'er me;
But a feast for me is spread
That was never spread for thee.

5.

Why should I from trouble shrink,
Or new woes refuse to bear,
If they are Christ's messengers,
Charged with blessings rich and rare?

6.

Not beneath unclouded skies,
Not midst smooth prosperity,
Doth it please our risen Lord
We his form most plain should see.

7.

But when storm and tempest blow,
Then he calls us by our name;
While beneath us rolls the flood,
While around us roars the flame.

Episcopal Recorder.

"THERE WERE NO FEEBLE PERSONS AMONG ALL THEIR TRIBES."

ONE midsummer Sunday, I was sitting in one of the churches of a famous watering-place in England. The worshippers had assembled, the tones of the grand organ had stilled my soul to quietness, when the door opened again, and an invalid was wheeled

in a bath-chair down the aisle. Others followed, until the aisles were filled with the infirm, who were rolled in this manner into the courts of the Lord. As I saw how eagerly they came to get a draught of "the water of life," these words of the Psalmist came to my remembrance: "There were no feeble persons among all their tribes."

How wonderful was the care of the great King in exempting Israel's host from the embarrassments attendant on the removal of "feeble persons" from a land of bondage. Doubtless this very servitude had braced their frames to endure the coming hardships; their captivity and work had made them strong and vigorous. Thus the good Lord provides compensations for every situation.

"No feeble persons." At once I remembered the great army of afflicted souls now living, who understand "the fellowship of his sufferings," who are never able to join in public worship. I do not refer to those occasionally detained by illness, or to those nearing suddenly "the swellings of Jordan," but to the long-tried, who are purified in a "slow furnace." In every town, in every village, can be found life-long invalids, pros-

trated by incurable maladies, with crippled, deformed, and languid bodies, who are being made "perfect through suffering." From their secret retirement they cry unto God; many houses have become temples of prayer and praise. I recalled rooms, made attractive by the ingenuity of friends, which are tenanted by the languishing children of sorrow; I should rather call them children of joy, for often are the inmates "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

To my remembrance came a pleasant, sunny room, filled with flower-perfume from a bow-window of carefully-watched plants; the walls covered with well-selected cheerful pictures, a bit of statuary under a glass, a music-box of sweet harmonies, and hosts of souvenirs bestowed by pitying friends. Here is a living sacrifice, a temple of the Most High. Here, surrounded by tenderest care, waiting "for this earthly tabernacle to be dissolved," dwells one of those saints who come up through "great tribulation," making melody in her heart unto the Lord. Sabbath-bells thrill her soul with pleasure. While hundreds are bowing down in the courts of the Lord, prayer from these feeble lips is helping to fill "the golden vials."

Oh we cannot regret the feeble ones among our tribes. They help us in fighting the good fight; they encourage us to lay hold on eternal life. Can we afford to lose the example of those who "through faith and patience inherit the promises?"

There is a land where can be found "no feeble persons," for there the inhabitants shall not say "I am sick." Then will our feeble ones lift up their heads in everlasting blessedness. Such anguish on earth will be joy in heaven, for there they rest not day nor night.

For "one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple."

HOLY strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown;
When the evening shadows lengthen
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

UPON SICKNESS.

WHEN sickness comes, and grace can meet it, oh what a just representation do they make to the soul concerning the poor honors, riches, cares and pleasures, of this transitory world! How unimportant do all the struggles for power, splendor, titles, wealth and preëminence, which have employed the past and present ages, appear! How childish and mean these objects pass before us, for which men have lavished their time and thrown away their souls!

On the contrary, how inexpressibly great and tremendous do the things of God and eternity rise in full view to the mind. Oh the worth of worlds, what are they, in some of these soul-searching moments! How is the mind astonished with the grandeur of God, and with the deep and wide importance of all that belongs to him! Rapt in the solemn contemplation of unutterable glories, how doth the mind tremblingly examine and carefully inquire into the truth and extent of its interest in them! And if grace seal an answer of peace upon the heart, how doth it flutter with gladness at its safety, and how

will the whole frame be agitated with a new delight, in the sure prospect of an eternal concern in these valuable, these only valuable things.

The Christian will be wakingly alive to all this and more, if his disorder be such as can admit of reflection. Blessed be God, however, whether he can thus reflect or not, yet, being a Christian, his state is equally safe with God through his gracious Redeemer. Whatever be the frame, the promise is sure, the covenant of God is ordered in all things and sure, and sure and faithful is God himself to perform it.

If we cannot think of Christ, through the power of disease, oh what an happiness is it to be assured that Christ thinks constantly and effectually of us. He "makes all our bed in our sickness;" that is, he turns the whole frame of our condition in it for our best advantage.

O Lord, leave me not, poor and helpless sinner that I am, in my most healthful state; leave me not especially, I beseech thee, in the low, the languid, the distressing circumstances of infirmity and disease! Jesus, Master, thou art said to have borne our sicknesses, because thou bearest the sins which

occasioned them; take, take away from my conscience the guilt which brought disease, and then the worst part of its misery shall be done away too. And when, through my feebleness and disorder, I cannot act faith upon thy love, oh catch my drooping spirit, carry me as one of thine own lambs in thy bosom, enfold me in thy gracious arms, and let my soul wholly commit itself and give up its all in quiet resignation to thee! If thou raise me from my sickness, grant that it may be for the setting forth of thy glory among men. If thou take me by sickness from this world, O thou hope and life of my soul, receive me to thyself for my everlasting happiness, and to be another monument of sovereign grace before the great assembly of saints and angels in thy kingdom of heaven!

Christian Remembrancer.

WE cannot be stationary in our feelings towards God in times of great sorrow: we either go back from him, and are cold toward him, which is a dreadful sign; or we cling to him, and say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" *Rev. Nehemiah Adams.*

DEADNESS IN PRAYER.

1.

OH for the happy days gone by
When love ran smooth and free;
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
More than earth's liberty.

2.

Oh for the times when on my heart
Long prayer had never palled;
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come without command.

3.

Then when I knelt to meditate,
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul;
Countless and bright and beautiful
Beyond mine own control.

4.

Oh who hath closed those fountains up,
Those visions who hath sealed?
What sudden act has thus transformed
My sunshine into shade?

5.

If this drear change be thine, O Lord!
If it be thy sweet will:
Spare not, but to the very brim
The bitter chalice fill.

6.

But if it hath been sin of mine,
Oh show that sin to me;
Not to bring back the sweetness, Lord!
But to make peace with thee.

7.

One thing alone, dear Lord! I dread
To have a secret spot,
That separates my soul from thee,
And yet to know it not.

8.

But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the secret wealth
That in its depths may lie!

9.

So in this darkness I may learn
To tremble and adore;

To sound mine own vile nothingness,
And so to love thee more.

10.

To love thee, and yet not to think
That I can love thee much;
To have thee with me, Lord, all day,
And yet not feel thy touch.

11.

If I have served thee, Lord! for hire,
Hire that thy beauty showed;
Oh I can serve thee now for naught,
And only as my God.

12.

Oh blessed be this darkness then,
This deep in which I lie;
And blessed be all things that teach
God's dread supremacy.

Lyra Catholica.

THE long afflicted Christian hath the fullest and the greatest trade; and in the day of account will be found the richest man. *Brooks' Mute Christian.*

UPON DEATH.

OH how sweet is the smile of that Christian, who, dying in the body, feels himself just upon living forever! "He is not sick unto death, but unto life" indeed. He quits his cares, his sorrows, his infirmities, and all that could distress or distract his spirit here, and looks calmly into the world before him, where he can meet with nothing but concord and joy, in the society of his Redeemer and Saviour, throughout eternity. He is weaned from the earth, and therefore can part with it easily. He is fitted for heaven, and therefore longs for it earnestly. He cannot but desire that which is congenial with his own renewed mind; and nothing of that sort can truly and perfectly be found out of the regions of glory.

Thou blessed Saviour of poor sinners like me, on thee, and on thee alone, my eyes are fixed! In the solemn last hour of my pilgrimage below, oh let my eyes of faith be yet more steadily and more ardently fixed upon thee! And do thou, in the tender compassion of thy heart, which can sympathize with all thy people's woes, look down in my departing moments on me. Oh stand

by me, my dear and only Lord, in my drooping and needful moments. Make all my bed in my sickness, and overcome the sorrows of nature by the lively joys of thy grace. Soothe the pangs of death with thy rich consolation and care. Receive my spirit, which I commit unto thee, as thine only; for truly I am thine entirely, thine by purchase, thine by grace, thine by promise, thine by the immutable oath of all thine holy attributes. Oh carry me to the regions of peace, to the Church of the first-born, to the city of God, and to Jesus my Lord, my life, and my only Redeemer! Whom have I in heaven itself but thee; and what can I desire, throughout all thy works, in comparison of thee! My heart and my flesh may fail; but thou, thou, even thou, art the strength of my heart and my portion forever! O my God, thus to die, would not be dying; but only departing to live and to be happy forever. *Christian Remembrancer.*

IN affliction be careful not to go over your troubles alone. It is very hurtful to look on trouble but as you look on God in Christ at the same time. *Rev. Richard Cecil.*

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF GOD'S CHILDREN.

THE precious sons of Zion are known by their submission to God. It is for this that they are chastened and disciplined, tried and purified; that, comparable to fine gold, they may emerge from the furnace a pure and holy reflection of the Divine image. This is the great secret of repose amidst restlessness, calmness amidst agitation, confidence amidst dark providences, — the will brought into complete subjection to the Divine will, — the heart beating in unison with Christ's heart. The moment you are led to see that *all is right*, that God has done it, and that it must be well done, you are happy. There is no happiness — not a moment's — in opposing God. Fretting against his dispensations, murmuring at his disposals, fighting against his dealings, resisting his providences, tossed amidst the waves of second causes, is just the uplifting of the floodgates of all distress into the soul. But to lie down at his feet, as the wheat his hand has sifted, — to repose in his heart, as the child his rod has smitten, — to drink the cup his love has mingled, exclaiming, "Not my will, O my Father, but thine be

done ! " — *this* is happiness indeed ! Ye tried, afflicted sons of Zion, not less precious to the heart of Jesus are you because you are chastened. You have argued against yourselves, and have impleaded against God from the afflictive dispensations of his providence. You have deemed yourselves cast out of his heart, and out of his mind,-and out of his sight, — " reprobate silver," and not " fine gold," — because he has cast you into the " furnace that is in Zion." Listen to the language of one who thus reasoned, but soon discovered how false that reasoning was — " I said in my *haste*, I am cut off from before thine eyes: nevertheless, thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee," (Psalm xxi. 22.) Be not hasty in the conclusions you draw from God's dealings with you. Wait patiently until he unveils the purpose, and clearly shows you the end of the Lord. " Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord." Oh the blessedness, the quietness, the perfect peace of a cheerful acquiescence in the will of God ! To have a blended will, a united heart, a submissive spirit with him in his government of you, is to be *like God.* There is noth-

ing more divinely assimilating and Christ-like. To be like Christ in Gethsemane is to be like Christ in the glory of his throne. To drink the cup in his spirit of profound submission, is to reign with him forever and ever.

Rev. Octavius Winslow.

CAST ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM.

1.

O LORD! how happy should we be
If we would cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best; —

2.

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

3.

We cannot trust him as we should,
So chafes fallen nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;

Yet birds and flow'rets round us preach —
All, all the present evil teach,
Sufficient for the day.

4.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
Make them from self to cease.
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace. *Rev. John Keble.*

"HE BORE OUR SICKNESSES."

SICK believer! you are not alone — Christ is with you. He knows all your weakness, infirmity, and pain. He understands perfectly the mysterious relation of mind and body, and can enter into all those delicate shades and subtile distinctions in the mutual operation of the one upon the other, which escape the eye even of the most skilful and vigilant. What is purely mental, what is simply physical in your case, and how they sympathize and often seem to blend, is to him who bore our sicknesses when he took our sins, and who rebukes and heals all our diseases now, an object

of the intensest interest. Suffering one! Christ is bearing that suffering with you. The burning fever, the writhing pain, the faintness, the languor, the sinking, — all is known to him. The difficulty of concentrated and consecutive thought, your inability to meditate, to read, to pray, the absence of spiritual enjoyment, the dimmed evidences, the beclouded hope, the fears and tremblings, — all, all are entwined with your Redeemer's sympathy. His "grace shall be sufficient for you." His "strength shall be made perfect in your weakness;" and thus you shall be enabled to "glory in your infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon you." *Rev. Octavius Winslow.*

LETTER OF REV. W. ROMAINE.

MY dear Friend. Wave after wave — trouble after trouble — no ceasing till we get into the haven. I do not wish you out of them, but to profit by them. The furnace is to refine gold; so faith; proved, improved, yea, perfected by trials. Mind what the great Refiner says — "I will bring the third part through the fire, and I will refine them as silver is refined, and I will

try them as gold is tried. They shall call on my name, and I will hear them. I will say, It is my people, and they shall say, The Lord is my God." O blessed furnace! — What! is this the effect of being put into it? Does the Son of God appear for and with his suffering members? — Does he keep off the evil of suffering, — give patience under it, profit from it, — deaden the life of sense — quicken the life of faith, — and thus bring more real good to his people from their trials than from all the comforts that ever they had? Say, — It is great, an uncommon great trial; the furnace is heated seven times more than it was wont to be heated. Still this is not to destroy faith, but to refine and exalt it. Our Lord knows the *needs must* of suffering. He loves you too well to deprive you of your portion. He himself went, and all his go, the same way to glory. They drink of the brook in the way; and they drink it out of the cup of salvation. True, it is bitter. I find it very bitter; as unpalatable as you can find it. But I am praying it may prove more salutary to you and to me; and this it cannot do while we murmur and complain. It is sent to stop this working of self-will. The

flesh is impatient, and frets; the spirit stops its rebellion, and says, — "Not my will, Lord, but thine be done." Amen! May this be the end of all your trials! May you come out of them like gold out of the fire.

EXTRACT FROM THE MEMOIR OF THE REV. HENRY MARTYN.

BY a sentence in "Milner's Church History," — "To believe, to suffer, and to love was the primitive taste," — he states that his mind at this time was very deeply impressed, observing that no inspired sentence ever affected him so much. It was, in fact, an epitome of his own life, conversation, and spirit; a lively exemplification of which is to be found in the manner in which, during this part of the voyage, he strove against an extreme and oppressive languor of body which tended to impede his present labors, and threatened to impair his future efficiency. — "The extreme weakness and languor of my body made me fear I should never be used as a preacher in India; but what," said he, "means this anxiety? Is it not of God that I am led into outward difficulties that my faith may be tried? Suppose you are

obliged to return, or that you never see India, but wither and die here, what is that to you? Do the will of God where you are, and leave the rest to him." "I found great satisfaction in reflecting, that my hourly wisdom was, not to repine or to look for a change, but to consider what is my duty in existing circumstances, and then to do it, in dependence upon grace."

JESUS, HELP CONQUER!

1.

JESUS, help conquer!
My spirit is sinking,
Deep waters of sorrow go over my head;
Weeping and trembling,
And fearing and shrinking,
I watch for the day, and night cometh instead:
Bitter the cup
I am hourly drinking, —
How thorny the path that I hourly tread!

2.

Jesus, help conquer!
For, fainting and weary,

Scarcely my hands can their weapons sustain;
The way seems so desolate,
Painful, and dreary,—
How shall I ever to heaven attain?
Jesus, great Captain!
If thou be not near me,
How shall I ever the victory gain?

3.

Jesus, help conquer!
There is not an hour
Of sorrow or joy but is ordered by thee;
Thou dost cut down,
Who hast planted the flower;—
Tempest or calm at thy bidding shall be:
Look on my sorrow,
And give me the power
Humbly to wait till thou comfortest me.

4.

Jesus, help conquer!
Lord, turn not away;
See with what power the billows increase!
Give me thy love
For my comfort and stay:
Then shall my trembling and murmuring cease;
Then shall my spirit

Grow strong for the fray, —
Then shall my weary heart rest in thy peace.

5.

Jesus, help conquer!
I cry unto thee!
Hardly my heart its petitions can frame:
All is so dark
And so painful to me,
All I can utter, sometimes, is thy name:
Jesus, help conquer!
My portion now be;
Though all else should change, be thou ever
the same!

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM: NO SORROW THERE.

"Neither sorrow, nor crying, nor pain."—*Rev.* xxi. 4.

"God," says Augustine, "had one Son without sin; He has had no son without sorrow."

LOOK back on the way by which God has led thee, O traveller to Zion, through the wilderness! If sometimes thou hast walked in sunshine, and with the free elastic step of hope and joy, how often, how quickly, have clouds gathered above thee, and left thee to go onward in heaviness and gloom!

Thou hast had to cleave thy way through a "great fight of afflictions." The "Man of Sorrows" has marked thee with the sign of suffering. He has made thee feel the weight and sharpness of the spiritual cross. And how often has it been from the red letters of thy trial that thou hast slowly deciphered the new name, — "Son?"

Would a Christian be without that chastisement whereof all the children are partakers? Would that be gain which made him an outcast and a stranger? Has he not seen affliction sealed and bound up with the blessings of the Covenant, learned how great a privilege it is to hear the Father's graver voice, and feel his correcting hand?

Oh blessed affliction! who deserves thee? Not every one attains to the great preferment of trial. For the iron chain of suffering links with the golden chain of glory. Not only is it suffering, then glory; — but suffering, therefore glory. "This light affliction worketh a weight of glory." These are the rough steps by which faith climbs upward to the throne.

Why, then, art thou filled with vexing thoughts? Look forward to the end, when patience shall have "its perfect work," and

witness-bearing, in this temptation, its bright reward.

The toilsome stages of thy journey end on the border of the better country. No sorrow, no crying, no pain are there! No anguish of temptation, no shrinkings of fear, no tears of penitence, no agony of prayer. The cross is lifted off. The bitter cup is taken from thee. The trenching and the pruning are over, and on every branch of the tree which felt the knife, cluster "the peaceable fruits of righteousness," the pleasant grapes of the vineyard of God. There we are past the preface and first pages of the Covenant, which teach us what the discipline of Sonship is. We are now in the heart and core of its blessings, knowing how glorious are the privileges of Sonship, how unspeakable its joys. We shall cry out no more for sore bereavement or besetting sin. We shall watch no more against an enemy, nor see some evil shadow lurk in every pleasure, and feel it steal upon our sleep. Our Father's hand has wiped away our tears. The Saviour's voice says, "Weep not, the days of thy mourning are ended!" And the thought of past grief and trouble will come to us only to sweeten every moment of our rest.

For sin, our deepest sorrow, comes not here. There, O Christian! "the evil heart of unbelief" throbs no more, and the poisoned garment of the flesh has fallen from thee forever.

It will be thy blessedness there to think thou hast borne pain and trial for thy Lord. For every wound of thy warfare, for every talent of thy service, thy Lord will say, "Well done!" For there the martyr, who had the baptism of blood, stands next the Prince of Sufferers, — him, who thinks the crown of thorns not the least among his "many crowns."

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross." — *Heb.* xii. 1, 2.

"NOW IS OUR SALVATION NEARER."

1.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er —
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

2.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea;

3.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;—
Nearer leaving the cross —
Nearer gaining the crown.

4.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads me at last to the light.

5.

Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death;

6.

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink:
For it may be I 'm nearer home —
Nearer now than I think!

"I, EVEN I, AM HE THAT COMFORTETH YOU."
Isaiah li. 12.

HOW does God comfort us? Suppose you are in some great trouble, how will God comfort you? In the first place, he will comfort you by showing you the necessity of that trouble. Do you ever think of this, that there is no chance; and, secondly, that not a pang can pierce a human heart for which there is not a needs-be? Not an ache can gnaw the frame; not a grief can pierce the heart; not a shadow can darken the soul, which is not permitted because there was a needs-be as real as that Christ should die upon the cross that you should be saved. It is comfort to know that no affliction is random, that no bereavement is accident; but that each is permitted or sent because it was a medicine essential for our health and happiness. Thus God comforts us. He comforts us in trouble by revealing to us what is the source of trouble. We are told that not a trouble can befall us that has not been first in God's bosom; that not a tear can start in the eye that he has not first meted, and estimated, and weighed, and pronounced to be expedient for us. Admit for one moment

that chance is the parent of your troubles — that accident is the author of your bereavements — and what a gloomy place must the grave be!—what a sad heart must the mourner's be!—what an unhappy man must the victim of trouble be! But when we know that the blow that strikes the heaviest is from our Father's hand; that the sorrow that pierces the heart with the keenest agony lay in his bosom before it received its mission to touch us; surely it is a truth, "I, even I, am he that comforteth you." In the third place, God comforts us by showing us the end of that trouble. If the sorrows, bereavements, disappointments, griefs, secret and open, had no end, and no grand object, and no great purpose to accomplish, then they would be intolerable; but he tells us, "Though no tribulation for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous, yet afterwards it worketh out the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." He tells us that "all things work for good to them that love God;" and, through the mouth of an apostle, he has said, "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding, even an eternal weight of glory." And therefore

the necessity, the end, and the source of our troubles, revealed to us by God, take away the edge of them, and make at least tolerable that which, if inexplicable, would be altogether intolerable. Lastly, he will comfort us by delivering us from all our troubles, and introducing us into a rest more glorious than Canaan ever was, and more bright and beautiful than eye hath seen, or ear hath heard, or man's heart in its happiest imaginings hath ever conceived. *Dr. Cuming.*

THE SERVICE OF SUFFERING.

THERE are many who are ready, like the sons of Zebedee, to take seats on the right or left of Christ in his kingdom. To be identified with God's glories and judgments, is something that may well attract and satisfy ambition. To come in with the conqueror, sharing his triumph, and the established strength and glory of his kingdom, may well befit the highest merit, or reward the noblest services. For a few, this distinction is appointed. But how many there are, who, by unnoticed toils and sufferings, must prepare the way! Over how many ungazet-

ted names must the tide of victory roll! It is so in every conflict, whether temporal or spiritual. It is so with the victories of kings; it is so with the triumphs of the King of kings; it is so in the outward life, and in the inward experience of every soul of man. This is the unseen service.

To this service, however, God calls "every son whom he receiveth," and by this, perfects him for higher services and privileges. God would have every one of his soldiers a hero, and well he knows the discipline they need. It is certain he imposes it for no other purpose. There is no such thing as an arbitrary sentence of suffering against any creature. In a world filled by sin, with toil and pain, God's children fare with the rest. But, whereas to others the disabilities born of sin are for "death unto death," to them they are for "life unto life." Not a hair of their heads falleth to the ground without their father. To this solace, if we are his children, we are entitled. Over time, care, disappointment, poverty, sickness, and death, we have a right to triumph. We are heirs to "the kingdom and patience of Christ."

The service of suffering — how few of those who are thus endowed understand the

great calling, and take its experience with constancy! God calls us: Come up to my service — are you ready? Yes, we are ready. But stay, there is a condition: Can you drink of the cup that Christ drank? Can you be baptized with the baptism that he was baptized with? Yes, we are able. Then, as I have heard another say, God begins to allot us, his recruits, our high positions — to one, poverty; to another, bereavement; to another, long wasting disease; to another, betrayal; to all, disappointment and trial in the various forms of human experience. Is it any wonder that some weary of the service and throw it up?

But to those who persevere, there cometh, at last, a time of great peace. It is not long before Jesus, who was nigh, though they saw him not, makes himself known. The brow that is no longer mangled with thorns, beams on them divinely; the hands that were nailed to the cross, take hold of their fainting arms; the voice that came through the storm, is again heard in the tempest of their calamities, saying: "Be of good cheer, be not afraid; it is I." Then the soul, in the grace of his help, begins first to take upon itself the sweet uses of suffering. Then the

"present affliction, which was not joyous, but grievous," begins to bear "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." Then the purified soul begins to see what dross of sin the fires have melted out. Then the strengthened spirit begins to feel what divine vigor is springing in the limbs that were so full of the weary way. For the service of suffering is not forever. But the glory, and the reward, and the crown are eternal. "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." *Examiner.*

"IN THE NIGHT HIS SONG SHALL BE WITH ME."

Psalms xlii. 8.

1.

GO not far from me, O my strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything thou wilt,
But go not thou away, —
And let the storm that does thy work,
Deal with me as it may.

2.

Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace,

And my heart sees thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with thee 'mid the storm
As in a secret place.

3.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world does not see,
What hand should pluck me from the flo
That casts my soul on thee?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me?

4.

Happy are they that learn, in thee,
Though patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech;
Peace that no pressure from without,
No strife within can reach.

5.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For he was crucified:
And it is *fellowship* with him
That keeps me near his side.

6.

My heart is fixed, O God, my strength,
My heart is strong to bear:
I will be joyful in thy love,
And peaceful in thy care.
Deal with me for my Saviour's sake,
According to his prayer.

7.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,
How blest soe'er it be;
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see;
And oh, it is not hard to bear
What must be borne in thee.

8.

Deep unto deep may call; but I
With peaceful heart will say,
Thy loving-kindness has a charge
No waves can take away:
And let the storm that speeds me home,
Deal with me as it may. *Miss Waring.*

WHATEVER our trials are, *the strength of the conflict lies between faith and unbelief.* *Davidson.*

RESIGNATION.

HOW touchingly beautiful was the parting scene between Cotton Mather and his wife. Observe his own account of it: — "The black day arrives. I had never seen so black a day in all the time of my pilgrimage. The desire of my eyes is this day to be taken from me at a stroke. Her death is lingering and painful. All the forenoon of this day, she was in the pangs of death, and sensible till the last minute or two before the final expiration. I cannot remember the discourse that passed between us, only her devout soul was full of satisfaction about her going to a state of blessedness with the Lord Jesus Christ. As far as my distress would permit, I studied to confirm her satisfaction and consolation. When I saw to what a point of resignation I was called of the Lord, I resolved, with his help to glorify him. So, two hours before she expired, I kneeled by her bedside, and took into my hands that dear hand, the dearest in the world, and solemnly and sincerely gave her up to the Lord. I gently put her out of my hands, and laid away her hand, resolved that I would not touch it again. She afterwards

told me that she signed and sealed my act of resignation; and before that, though she had called for me continually, *after* it, she never asked for me any more. She conversed much until near two in the afternoon. The last sensible word that she spoke, was to her weeping father: — 'Heaven, heaven will make amends for all.' "

"THE LOVED AND LOST."

1.

"THE loved and lost!" why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our onward road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

2.

They are not lost: they are within the door
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing —
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,

In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

3.

And this we call a "loss;" a selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! Oh we of little, of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

4.

Ay, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

5.

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by a well

To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

6.

When lo! the Lord who many mansions had,
Drew near, and looked upon the suffering twain.
Then pitying, spoke, "Give me the little lad:
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I 'll bring him with me when I come again."

7.

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong —
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share!"
Oh rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

8.

We will do likewise: death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;

No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there 's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

9.

It bids us do the work that they laid down —
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

Church of England Magazine.

IT is sublime to bear the fearful strokes of God's providence with meekness and firmness; to endure. . . . . I have felt that terrible calamities are great blessings to the spirit of a man who knows how to suffer. To such a man, a great affliction from God is like a great blast in a quarry, — it throws out great treasures, or it opens a way for great projects. I revere a man who is in

great affliction. God seems to have selected him, like a piece of second-growth timber, for an important work. It is not every one who can be trusted to suffer greatly.

"Agnes," by Dr. Adams.

THE DARK ANGEL.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him: rise and bow;
And ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
Thy soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
Like joy: majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free:
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

Aubrey De Vere.

ON BEREAVEMENT.

WHEN a holy and beloved object of our affection is removed by death, we ought to sorrow; humanity demands it, and Christianity, in the person of the weeping Jesus, allows it: and the man without a tear is a savage or a stoic, but not a Christian. But, though we mourn, we must not murmur. We may sorrow, but not with the passionate and uncontrolled grief of the heathen who have no hope. Our sorrow must flow, deep as we like, but noiseless and still, in the channels of submission. It must be a sorrow so quiet as to hear all the words of consolation which our Heavenly Father utters amidst the gentle strokes of his rod; so reverential as to adore him for the exercise of his prerogative in taking away what and whom he pleases; so composed as to prepare us for doing his will, as well as bearing it; so meek and gentle as to justify him in his dispensations; so confiding as to be assured that there is as much love in taking the mercy away as there was in bestowing it; so grateful as to be thankful for the mercies left, as well as afflicted for the mercies lost; so trustful as to look for-

ward to the future with hope, as well as back upon the past with distress; so patient as to bear all the aggravations that accompany or follow the bereavement, with unruffled acquiescence; so holy as to lift the prayer of faith for Divine grace to sanctify the stroke; and so lasting as to preserve through all the coming years of life, the benefit of that event, which, in one awful moment, changed the whole aspect of our earthly existence.

J. A. James.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

1.

TO weary hearts, to mourning homes
God's meekest Angel gently comes;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

2.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;

But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

3.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

4.

Oh! thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

Whittier.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

2 Cor. v. 17.

LET us consider how happy they are who are in Christ, who are taken out of the first, and made true members of the second Adam, who in him are created unto good works, and so made new creatures: these are as happy as the others are miserable,

as happy as God himself can make them; for in that they are in Christ, in him they have all things that can any way possibly conduce to make them happy. In him they have infinite merit, whereby their sins are all pardoned and done away, as if they had never been guilty of any; in him they have most perfect righteousness, whereby they are truly accounted righteous by the most righteous Judge of the whole world; in him they have all the graces of God's Holy Spirit to make them like himself, holy in all manner of conversation; in him they have wisdom to direct them in all their ways, and power to protect them against all their enemies; in him Almighty God himself is well pleased with them, and become their friend, yea, their most loving and indulgent Father; in him they have all the blessings that he hath purchased for them with his own most precious blood, that is all they can ever want or desire to make them completely blessed. Wherefore if there be any such among you at this time, as I hope there are, give me leave in few terms, to congratulate your happy state both in this world and the next. What your condition is, as to the things of this world, I know not; but this I

know, that whatsoever it is, it is the best, the happiest you can be in; yea, God himself knows it, otherwise he would never have brought you into it; for he hath that special love for his own children, as all new creatures are, that he suffers nothing to befall them that can do them hurt, nothing but what shall one way or other do them good. If the good things of this life be good for you, you shall have them; if they be not, ye shall not have them, for that only reason, because it is better for you to be without them; so that you may rest fully satisfied in your minds, that all things work together for your good; and that nothing can, or ever did befall you since your new birth but what was and shall be a blessing to you. You are blessed in all you have, for it all comes from the special love and favor of God to you; you are blessed in all you do, for it is all acceptable to God, through him in whom ye are; you are blessed wheresoever ye are, for God is always present with you, to guide, assist, and comfort you; you are blessed in your souls, blessed in your bodies, blessed in your going out, blessed in your coming in, blessed while you live, and blessed when you die; for "blessed are

the dead which die in the Lord, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works follow them." You will then rest from your labors, from everything that is troublesome or uneasy to you, from everything that can any way interrupt or disturb your peace and quiet; and your works, all the good works you now do in Christ, in him shall be then rewarded with "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away; reserved in heaven for you where ye will live with him, in whom ye now are, and behold the glory which the Father hath given him; — where, in him, you shall be advanced to the highest degree of bliss and happiness that ye are or can be made capable of; where, in him, ye shall see God face to face, and enjoy all those infinite perfections which are in him; where, in him, ye shall thus live in light, in glory, in joy itself, not only now and then, but continually; not for some time only, but to all eternity. *Sermon by Bishop Beveridge.*

O FEAR not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

"REJOICING IN TRIBULATION."

"That we should patiently, and with thanksgiving, bear our Heavenly Father's correction."

1.

WHEN summer suns their radiance fling
O'er every bright and beauteous thing;
When, strong in faith, the evil day
Of pain and grief seems far away;
When sorrow, soon as felt, is gone,
And smooth the stream of life glides on;
When duty, cheerful, chosen, free,
Brings her own prompt reward to thee;
'T is easy, *then*, my soul to raise
The grateful song of heavenly Praise.

2.

But worn and languid, day and night,
To see the same unchanging sight,
To feel the rising morn can bring
Nor health, nor ease upon its wing;
Nor form of beauty can create,
The languid sense to renovate;
To look within, and feel the mind
Full charged with blessings to mankind;
Then, gazing round this little room,
To whisper, "This must be thy doom;

Here must thou struggle; here, alone,
Repress tired nature's rising moan:"
Oh, then, my soul, how hard to raise,
In such an hour, the song of Praise.

3.

To feel declining, day by day,
Each harsher murmur die away,
And secret springs of joy arise
To lighten up the weary eyes;
A hand invisible to feel,
Wounding with kind design to heal;
In every bitter draught to think
Of him, who learned that cup to drink;
Again, and oft again to look
In rapture on that blessed Book,
Whose soothing words proclaim to thee
That, "as thy day, thy strength shall be:"
Then, with changed heart and steadfast mind,
High heaven before and earth behind,
Thy path of pain again to tread,
Till earth receives thy wearied head:
Oh, blessed lot! who would not raise,
In life or death, the song of Praise!"

GOD denies a Christian nothing, but with a design to give him something better. *Cecil.*

ON SUBMISSION TO GOD'S WILL IN SICKNESS.

SEEK this day, and every day thou livest, to suffer all weariness and pain, and that through patience to please the Lord your God. Should it please God to send thee serious illness, receive it from his hand with resignation, and be submissive to his will in all things. Be careful not to give way to impatience, grief, and sadness; rather endeavor to retain great peace and tranquillity in thy soul. Take cheerfully all prescribed remedies, and await calmly, by God's blessing, the success of these remedies, and be not disquieted should they not effect thy cure as promptly as thou desirest. He who has sent thee the disease, loves thee too well to withhold thy restoration to health, if it be necessary to his glory and to thy salvation. Leave him, therefore, to deal with thee. To submit ourselves to the hand of God during the time of sickness is to make a very praiseworthy act of love to God; besides which, it is the only means to maintain peace ourselves. He alone is in security who reposes in the hands of God's mercy, because then are fulfilled the words of the Holy Spirit,

"There shall no evil happen to the just;" he is always in peace.

Bishop of Brechin's Translation from Pinort.

IN our hours of sickness, of prostration, or of weakness, let a childlike trust in God through Christ be ever the foundation of our comfort and hope. We look on, and all is dark before us; but to the faithful man that very darkness is a blessing. It is but the pillar of a cloud which guides him by a way he knows not. What may meet him as he walks along that path, he cares not to forecast. Bodily sufferings, or earthly sorrows, or death itself, may all lie in ambush for him; as to all this, he knows nothing; but he *does know* "in whom he has believed;" and to him he trusts himself and his with a calm confidence for all that unknown future. "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I trust in him." The root of stillness is trust in God; it consists in looking on as little as may be into that future, *in looking always to God;* and so quieting with the blessed thought of him the anxious spirit within us, which otherwise must tremble at the edge of

that misty to come wherein are floating obscurely, for the eye of every man who peers into it, forms of loss and sorrow insupportable. *Bishop Wilberforce.*

"I know thy works, and thy labor, and thy patience; how thou hast borne, and for my name's sake hast labored, and hast not fainted."

IN the epistle before us there is a word for you who are sufferers, whether from sickness, or sorrow, or sin, and patient sufferers for the Lord's sake. He says to you, "I know how thou hast borne, and hast patience, and for my name's sake hast labored, and not fainted." Your Lord has known many a secret trial, many an hour of sorrow and affliction, through which you have passed, and which the world has never known. For these are sorrows which cannot and ought not to be communicated but to God alone. Of all these, he says, in the language of commendation, "I know them;" I know your every prayer for guidance; your every effort to bear well and patiently what I have laid upon you; and to profit by the visitation; your every endeavor against

evil; and while those around us may blame us that we have advanced no farther and no faster on the heavenward road, he, that merciful Redeemer, commends us that we are still upon the road, and have not fainted.

Blunt.

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,
Whose presence in my heart sustains me;
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wish might always be,
Accepting what they look for only,
They might be glad, — but not in thee.

Well might thine own belov'd, who see
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
Bear loss of all they love, save thee,
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may thy happy children cease
From restless wishes prone to sin,
And, in thy own exceeding peace,
Yield to thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear
As air we breathe, as light we see;
It draws us to thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in thee.

A. L. Waring.

SUGGESTIONS TO THE INVALID.

BESIDES the personal virtues, the great Christian duty of Charity is in its best sphere of operation during sickness; "that Charity, of which perhaps it is the noblest attribute, that it 'beareth all things.'" It requires no muscular strength or activity to perform this duty in its utmost perfection; but it demands a moral effort which few can estimate. In repressing discontent and ill-humor — in being gentle, and considerate, and patient, virtues are exercised which, weighing their difficulty, may be termed heroic. "To bear and forbear," may sometimes, in sickness, require efforts that, in other circumstances, would conduct to the fagot, or the cannon's mouth. All are appreciated by your Father in heaven. "Though no one seeth, God seeth thee."

IF we could, in deep affliction, recollect the disproportion between the small cloud now passing over us, and the brightness of the more distant sky which it hides from our immediate sight; and so could fix our view, our hopes, our faith, on the shining day beyond it, we might steal some of our attention from our present misery, by trying to transfer our minds to subjects more worthy of their regard; and, looking forwards and upwards, might confidently exclaim, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

ON BEREAVEMENT.

OURS is the grief, who still are left in this
far wilderness,
Which will at times, now they are gone, seem
blank and comfortless.
For moments spent with loving hearts are
breezes from the hills,
And the balm of Christian brotherhood like
Eden's dew distils;
And we whose footsteps and whose hearts so
often fail and faint,
Seem ill to spare the cheering voice of one
departed saint.

But oh, we sorrow not like those whom no
bright hopes sustain,
For them who sleep in Jesus, God will with
him bring again.
Love craves the presence and the sight of all
its well-beloved,
And therefore weep we in the homes whence
they are far removed;
Love craves the presence and the sight of
each beloved one,
And therefore Jesus spake the word which
caught them to his throne: —
"Father, I will that all my own, which thou
hast granted me,
Be with me where I am to share my glory's
bliss with thee."

Thus heaven is gathering, one by one, in its
capacious breast,
All that is pure and permanent and beautiful
and blest;
The family is scattered yet, though of one
home and heart,
Part militant in earthly gloom, in heavenly
glory part.
But who can speak the rapture, when the
circle is complete,

And all the children sundered now before
their Father meet?
One fold, one Shepherd, one employ, one
everlasting home:
"Lo! I come quickly." "Even so, Amen!
Lord Jesus, come!"

STREAMS IN THE DESERT.

IT was a new thing in the world when Paul said, "Most gladly will I rather glory in mine infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." But it is no new thing now. Ever since Paul wrote these words, it has been the peculiar merit of the Gospel of Jesus to increase strength to them that have no might. Strong people, in days of gladness, when the spirit is yet unbroken, may be living inwardly by the faith of the Son of God; but it is hard to know it. Other men look as strong who have no faith at all. It is when the body is weak and sore, or when all one's own comforts are drowned in the bitterness of a great sorrow that comes in to swell over the soul, and surge up to the very lips, that the power of Christ is seen, — yes, plainly seen, — upholding where else the

poor one would sink, and giving a strength and cheerfulness that are nothing less than supernatural. Places of suffering; sick-rooms where invalids linger; long, weary night seasons of pain; times when death and the fear of it darken our door, — these are the times and places which make the name of Jesus precious, and test the worth of his grace. But, for all we have so often seen or heard tell of this blessed "power of Christ," and how "it rests upon" his afflicted people till they grow strong, yet, whenever we see it again, we cannot help wondering. For there is something so admirable in the weak flesh getting the better of tribulation, rejoicing in it, overcoming it, and mounting up to heaven through it all, — something so past nature, that we feel his presence to be very near and very glorious. He has told us that he dwells in his own saints as in a temple, and surely it must be true; for when the saint's body breaks down and crumbles, do we not see his glory shining through in an awful and beautiful manner, till even a very careless on-looker must say: "How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God!"

This is what makes it better a great deal

to go to a Christian house of affliction than to the merriest house of feasting. This is what gives such a charm to the little book we have named below.* It is all about affliction and illness; it never leaves the sick-room, but goes from death-bed to death-bed all through; and yet it is brim-full of holy, gushing, tender joy. For it tells of the "power of Christ," and opens so many springs of comfort in his sympathy, his presence, his promises, his heavenly home, that it verily makes the wilderness of tribulation to run with rills of refreshment. "They thirsted not," these afflicted followers of Jesus, "when he led them through the deserts, for he caused the waters to flow out of the rock for them; he clave the rock also, and the waters gushed out."

OH how much is suffering better than sin, and victory over temptation better than not being tried, and the haven after a storm, than to have had no experience of the power, wisdom, and loving-kindness of the Lord in carrying us safely over every stormy wave.

* *Doing and Suffering; Memorials of Elizabeth and Frances Bickersteth.* London, 1860. Am. S. S. Union, Philadelphia.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

TIME is a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped — they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They 've passed from life's contracted bourne,
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'T is hid from view; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleanings of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow dries the tear.
And sometimes list'ning ear may gain

Entrancing sound that hither floats;
The echo of a distant strain
Of harps' and voices' blending notes
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest;
They've crossed Time's River — now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But *there* pure love can live, can last —
They look for *us* their home to share;
When we in turn away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us *there*
Beyond the river.

THOUGHTS FOR SAD HOURS.

TO the invalid it seems hard to be doing nothing, when work is on every side — souls perishing, the labor of others progressing, and at times the conscious mental and spiritual power to work swelling high in your bosom. But what is your God himself doing? Is he not *restraining to work?* Is he not withholding his Gospel from perishing nations, permitting the best efforts of his children to be crossed, apparently *not* work-

ing when a mighty work is to be done? It is not want of love; it is Infinite wisdom, seeing that that work cannot, consistently with decrees stretching far beyond our ken, yet all-wise, all-gracious, be done. All you think you would do belongs to *this* work; or, if it does not, it will be done without you. Meanwhile you have your work — there is one plant on which the Heavenly Gardener desires to lavish especial graces; and while you would fain be sowing seed broadcast among the furrows, he bids you lie indolently, as it seems, beside it, pick off each dead leaf, brush away every invading insect, train each springing shoot. Are his views narrow? It is but one plant. No, it is a plant that is to bloom for ages! Thousands in brighter worlds may rejoice in it, and none will say too much pains was bestowed on its earliest growth. This plant is growing in your heart; rejoice over it, and wait God's time patiently.

"All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

In all the catalogue of promises or declarations which the word of God contains, there is none richer than this, none more direct

and absolute in its terms, yet none so difficult heartily to believe. As a speculative proposition it is very pleasant; but when it comes to parting with what we most love, one beloved as our own soul, or all earthly comforts, we ask: "How *can* this be for my good? Impossible; it is evil, and only evil." But this was not St. Paul's judgment; but after a long catalogue of sufferings and miseries, famine and sword included, and such as few now encounter in the worst of times, he says, "In all these things *we are more than conquerors.*" To have been simply conqueror would have been a marvellous triumph, but he was more. It takes great faith to believe great promises, and great trials to make this faith a truly effective and all-conquering principle. Those, therefore, who are called to pass through such trials, should not regard themselves as the most unhappy and most unfortunate on that account. Chastisements, though very grievous for the present, are the means of salvation and higher seats in heaven to multitudes.

Parish Visitor.

PRESERVE me, O God, for in thee do I but my trust.

THE INVALID'S SUNDAY HYMN.

LET me put on my fair attire,
My Sabbath robes of richest dress,
And tune my consecrated lyre,
Lord of the Sabbath! thee to bless.

Oh may no spot of sin to-day,
My raiment, clean and white defile!
And while I tune my heartfelt lay,
Bend down on me thy gracious smile.

Let holy feelings, heavenly themes,
Raise, and refresh, and fill my mind;
And earth's low vanities and schemes
No place nor entertainment find!

The looks, the thoughts, the sweet employ
Of saints, whose treasure is above,
Be mine to-day! their zeal, their joy,
Their peace, and purity, and love.

My spirit may with theirs unite,
My humble notes with theirs may blend,
Although denied the pure delight
Thy sacred courts with them to attend.

The faith and patience of the saints,
These I may exercise each hour —
When, weak with pain the body faints,
I best may exercise their power.

O Saviour! with completion crown
Desires thou wakenest not in vain;
Stoop to thy lowly temple down,
Bring all these graces in thy train!

This is thy day of bounty, Lord!
I ask no small, no stinted boon,
But showers, rich showers of blessing poured
On me, though worthless and alone.

If the weak tendril round thee twine,
It ne'er is hidden from thine eye;
I cling to thee, life-giving Vine,
Strength, verdure, fruitfulness supply!

Miss Elliott.

LET patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." Patience may be said to "have her perfect work" when, in suffering circumstances, inward murmurs are silenced, as well as outward complaints.

SUFFERING, A HIGHER PATH THAN DOING.

SAUL had anxiously inquired, "What wouldest thou have me to do?" Our Lord sends his minister to tell him, not what great things he shall do, but what far greater things he shall *suffer*. Sufferings are, after all, the great achievements of the Christian. Where one man is permitted to effect mighty things for his Lord, by carrying the words of the everlasting Gospel over the burning sands of Africa, or the frozen mountains of the north, thousands and tens of thousands are called to the high privilege of the Philippians of old "not only to believe, but also to suffer for his name's sake." To sit on his right hand and on his left, are not now to be given; but to drink of his cup of trial, and to be baptized with his baptism of affliction, are still among the choicest blessings which he bestows upon his people. Be not, then, disappointed, if, with every desire to do great things for your Divine Master, you are denied the power or the opportunity. If, as has been beautifully said, "They also serve who only stand and wait," how much more do they serve who are called upon to endure and to suffer! Yes; in the

chamber of sickness, upon the bed of pain, you may as greatly glorify your Redeemer, as amid the trials of the mission, or the tortures of the stake: and often does it please your Heavenly Father, that while you are meditating what great things you shall do for Christ, he is preparing the great things you shall suffer.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

YES, there remaineth yet a rest!
Arise, sad heart, that darkly pines,
By heavy care and pain opprest,
On whom no sun of gladness shines;
Look to the Lamb! in yon bright fields
Thou 'lt know the joy his presence yields;
Cast off thy load and thither haste;
Soon shalt thou fight and bleed no more,
Soon, soon thy weary course be o'er,
And deep the rest thou then shalt taste.

The rest appointed thee of God,
The rest that nought shall break or move,

That ere this earth by man was trod
Was set apart for thee by Love.
Our Saviour gave his life to win
This rest for thee; oh enter in!
Hear how his voice sounds far and wide,
Ye weary souls, no more delay,
Loiter not faithless by the way,
Here in my peace and rest abide.

Yonder in joy the sheaves we bring,
Whose seed was sown on earth in tears;
There in our Father's house we sing
The song too sweet for mortal ears.
Sorrow and sighing all are past,
And pain and death are fled at last,
There with the Lamb of God we dwell;
He leads us to the crystal river,
He wipes away all tears for ever;
What there is ours no tongue can tell.

Hunger nor thirst can pain us there,
The time of recompense is come,
Nor cold nor scorching heat we bear,
Safe sheltered in our Saviour's home.
The Lamb is in the midst; and those
Who followed him through shame and woes

Are crown'd with honor, joy, and peace,
The dry bones gather life again,
One Sabbath over all shall reign,
Wherein all toil and labor cease.

There is untroubled calm and light,
No gnawing care shall mar our rest;
Ye weary, heed this word aright,
Come, lean upon your Saviour's breast.
Fain would I linger here no more
Fain to yon happier world upsoar,
And join that bright expectant band.
Oh raise, my soul, the joyful song
That rings through yon triumphant throng;
Thy perfect rest is nigh at hand.

Lyra Ger.

TRUST IN GOD BRINGS PEACE.

HERE is the true secret of peace in this world of trouble — to yield ourselves always meekly, as the redeemed of Christ, to the hand of God, as of a loving Father; to know that this is the especial character of our lives, that we are not under a grinding rule of blind necessity, nor under a harsh

rod of vindictive infliction, but in a process of restoration; that joy and sorrow are mingled for us, as he sees best for us; that our joys are but his love, our sorrows but the deeper tones of that same love; that we are safe whilst he bids the sun still to shine around us, for that we are his; and that he will keep us in the dangerous sunshine. Nor do the clouds on the horizon trouble us, for they cannot dim that sunshine, so long as he sees that it is best for us to walk with him in its glad brightness. It may be he will accept our quiet waiting on him, and so teach us through it, that we shall hardly need the rougher discipline of sharp affliction. Or, if our sun threaten to go down in darkness, — if the clouds gather over it in gloom, — still we are with him; and to be with him is, for every child of his, the most really to be at peace. In the storm, he whom we love more than life comes oftentimes the closest to us; and by the blessed power of that divine Presence, the world, when it is the barest to the eye of sense, abounds the most richly in the truest consolation; and the sharp edge of earthly anguish grows into the serene reality of heavenly joy." *Consolatio.*

THE FINAL REGENERATION.

WHO can imagine, by a stretch of fancy, the feelings of those, who having died in faith, wake up to enjoyment? The life then begun, we know, will last forever; yet surely, if memory be to us then what it is now, that will be a day much to be observed unto the Lord, through all the ages of eternity. We may increase, indeed, forever in knowledge and in love; still that first awakening from the dead, the day at once of our birth and our espousal, will ever be endeared and hallowed in our thoughts. When we find ourselves, after long rest, gifted with fresh powers, vigorous with the seed of eternal life within us, able to love God as we wish, conscious that all trouble, sorrow, pain, anxiety, and bereavement, is over forever; blest in the full affection of those earthly friends whom we loved so poorly, and could protect so feebly, while they were with us in the flesh; and above all, visited with the immediate, visible, ineffable presence of God Almighty, with his only-begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, and his co-equal, co-eternal Spirit; that great sight in which is the fullness of joy and

pleasure for evermore! What deep incommunicable and unimaginable thoughts will then be upon us! What depths will be stirred up within us? What secret harmonies awakened, of which human nature seemed incapable! Earthly words are indeed all worthless to minister to such high anticipations. Let us close our eyes, and keep silence." *Consolatio.*

OH! what a mighty change
Shall Jesus' sufferers know;
While o'er the happy plains we range,
Incapable of woe.
No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.

Nor slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy.
In that eternal day
No clouds or tempests rise;
There gushing tears are wiped away
Forever from our eyes.

This languishing desire,
  Which now for heaven we feel,
Shall there delightfully expire
  In joy ineffable.
The weight of glorious bliss,
  That to our share shall fall
Not angel tongue can half express,
  But we shall have it all.

Wesley.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF MRS. HEMANS.

BETTER far than these indications of recovery is the sweet religious peace which I feel gradually overshadowing me with its dove-pinions, excluding all that would exclude thoughts of God. I would I could convey to you the deep feelings of repose and thankfulness with which I lay on Tuesday evening, gazing from my sofa upon a sunset sky of the richest suffusions — silvery green and amber kindling into the most glorious tints of the burning rose. I felt its holy beauty sinking through my inmost being, with an influence drawing me nearer and nearer to God. — Dearest C. there comes a time when we feel that God has drawn us nearer to himself by the chast-

ening influence of such trials, and when we thankfully acknowledge that a higher state of purification, the great object, I truly believe, of all our earthly discipline — has been the blessed result of our calamities. I am sure that in your pure and pious mind this result will ere long take place, and that a deep and reconciling calm will follow the awakening sense of God's parental dealings with the spirit.

TEARLESS EYES.

GOD shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The expression is one of exquisite tenderness and beauty. The poet Burns said that he could never read this without being affected to weeping. Of all the negative descriptions of heaven, there is no one perhaps that would be better adapted to produce consolation than this. This is a world of weeping — a vale of tears. Who is there of the human family that has not shed a tear? And what a change it would make in our world, if it could be said that henceforward not another tear would be shed, not a head would ever be bowed again in grief. Yet this is to be the condition of

heaven. In that world there is no pain, no disappointment, no bereavement. No friend is to lie in dreadful agony on a sick-bed; no grave is to be opened to receive a parent, a wife, a child; no gloomy prospect of death is to draw tears of sorrow from the eyes. To that blessed world, when our eyes run down with tears, we are permitted to look forward, and the prospect of such a world should contribute to wipe away our tears here — for all our sorrows will soon be over. Amidst the trials of the present life, when friends leave us, when sickness comes, when our hopes are blasted, when calumnies and reproaches come upon us, when — standing on the verge of the grave and looking down into the cold tomb — the eyes pour forth floods of tears, it is a blessed privilege to be permitted to look forward to that brighter scene in heaven, where not a pang shall ever be felt, and not a tear shall ever be shed.

Dr. Barnes.

IN pain, sickness, trouble, methinks I hear God say, Take this medicine, exactly suited to the case, prepared and weighed by my own hands, and consisting of the choicest drugs which heaven affords.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know.

Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Redeemed saints and angels there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon, my friends in Christ below,
We 'll join the glorious band.

O Mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

THE END.

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